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(see Page 23)

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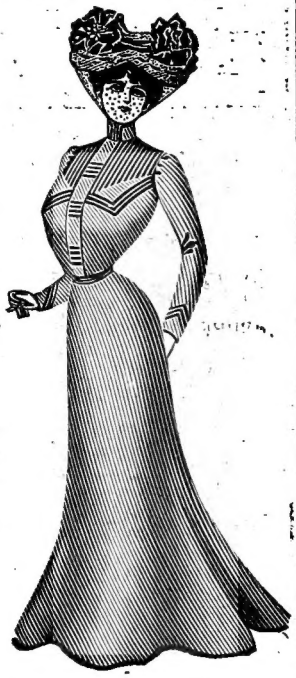

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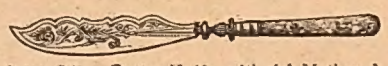

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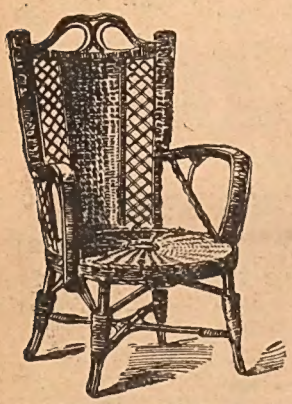
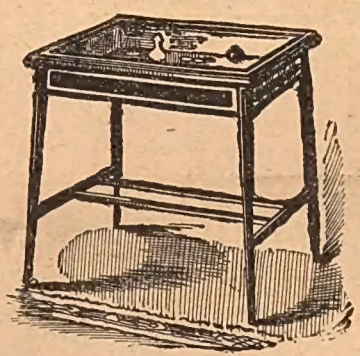
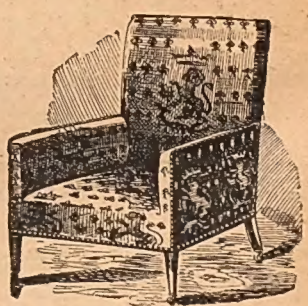


Fancy Rush and Wicker Arm Chair, 6s. 9d.



Inlaid Sheraton Curio Table, fitted with glass sides and top, lined inside with silk, £1 5s. 6d.



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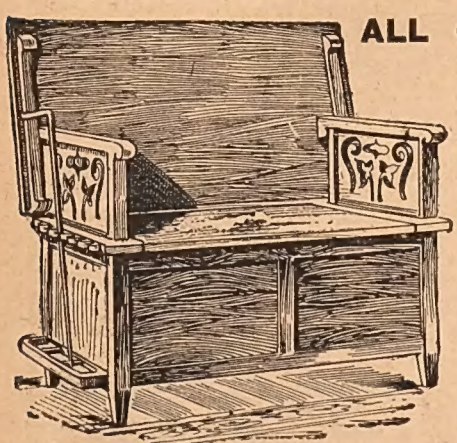

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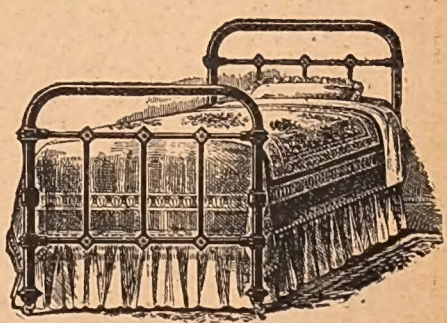

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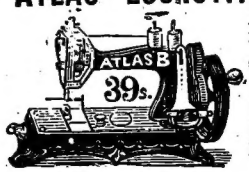

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May. *Royal Magazine.*

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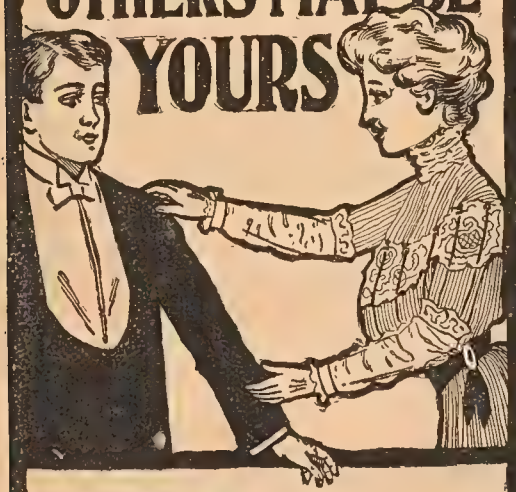

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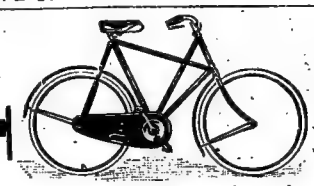

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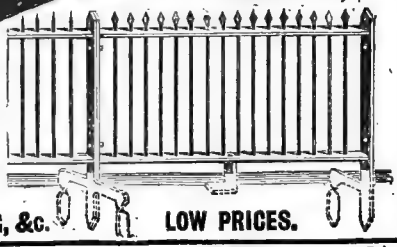

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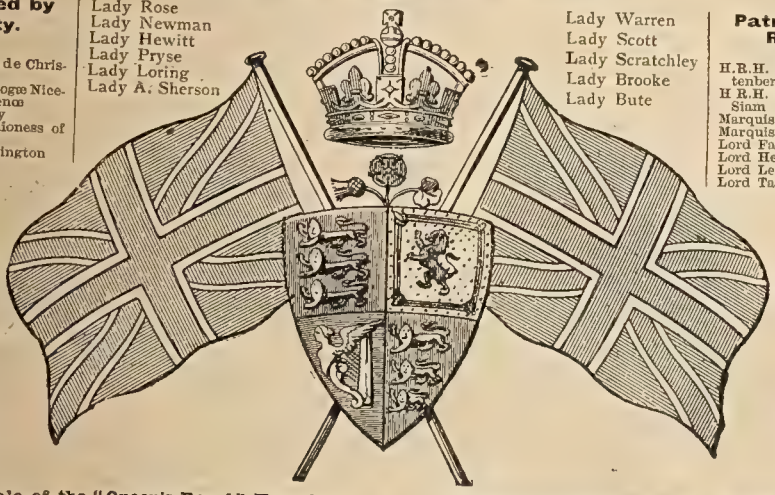

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9 ft. by 9 ft.	7/6 ,,	12 ft. by 15 ft.	15/9 ,,
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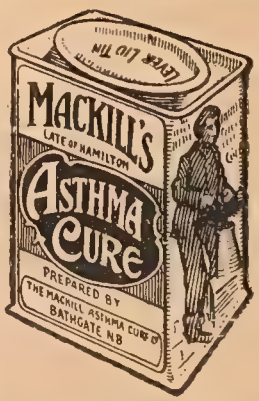

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THE ROYAL MAGAZINE.

PUBLISHED MONTHLY.

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The Editor will always be ready to consider contributions, whether literary or pictorial, and, where stamps are enclosed will make every endeavour to ensure their safe return in the event of their proving unsuitable, although he cannot hold himself responsible for any MSS. or drawings or photographs sent on approval.

Cases for the first three half-yearly Volumes of THE ROYAL MAGAZINE are now ready, and can be obtained at the Publishing Office, price 1/- each, or post free 1/2.

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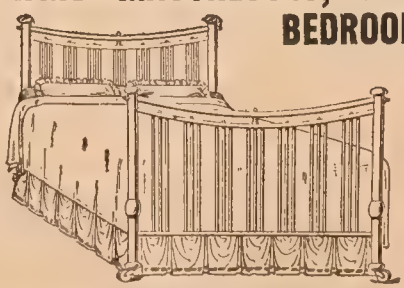

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THE ROYAL MAGAZINE.

VOL. VIII.

MAY TO OCTOBER, 1902.

PUBLISHING AND EDITORIAL OFFICES:

C. ARTHUR PEARSON LTD.,

"THE ROYAL MAGAZINE" OFFICE, HENRIETTA STREET, LONDON, W.C.

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A SUMMER SHOWER.

From a painting by C. Vigor.

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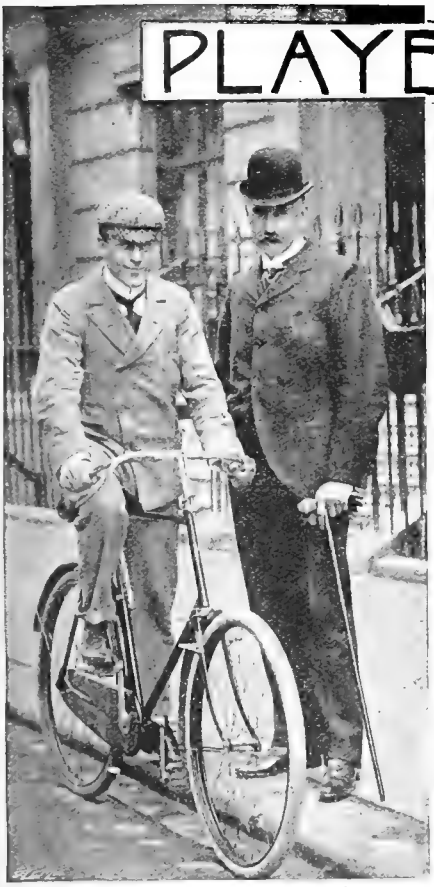
PLAYERS AT PLAY

The Favourite Recreations of Famous Actors and Actresses.

By A. Wallis Myers.

Illustrated with Photographs by R. W. Thomas.



Mr. Cyril Maude and Mr. Frederick Harrison. The former is an ardent cyclist.

The activity of some of our leading players is the marvel of many. These versatile people, after two strenuous performances in one day in an enervating theatre, think nothing of going to bed in the small hours, rising again with the average man, and then rushing off on motor or cycle for a long morning's outing. Pleasure before business is their maxim, and a very health-giving one it is, when you have to do all your work by gas-light.

Mr. Cyril Maude rises early usually. His managerial duties at the Haymarket bring a heavy letter bag, so that he has to attend to an immense amount of business as well as acting. No man is in greater need of some counteracting exercise, and for many years Mr. Maude has been an ardent supporter of the bicycle, though lately he has somewhat abandoned it for a canter in the Park. Like many of his kind, Mr. Maude is an enthusiastic fisherman, and something more than an average shot.

Some of his "fishy" stories are characteristic, not of the fisherman, but of the genial actor. He once, when fishing in Scotland, quietly bagged his neighbour's haul while the latter was landing something with a net, and then requested his victim to examine his basket! But those were his younger days.

Sir Henry Irving has no favourite recreation, he says, excepting work; but Miss Ellen Terry, so long associated with the great Lyceum actor, is devoted to yachting and driving, her spare time being taken up, too, with reading. Mrs. Patrick Campbell is an ardent cyclist and no small musician; in fact, she won a scholarship at the Guildhall School of Music before she took up the histrionic art. Mr. Tree, the energetic proprietor of Her Majesty's theatre, is a great horseman, and may often be seen in the Park on a fine morning, as may also Mr. George Alexander, who adds to this a weakness for the cycle and a passionate love of the links.

If Mr. Penley had not gone on the stage he would have made a first-class squire, that is, a squire of the open-handed, sporting quality. The house which "Charley's Aunt" built for himself at Woking is skirted by the Basingstoke Canal, upon which you may often see Mr. Penley on board his little launch, the *Union Jack*, his head sprucely covered with a soft-peaked cricketing cap.

Mr. Penley's home is veritably his castle; he keeps his carriage and frequently drives it in the Surrey lanes; he uses a gun with dexterity and effect, and he rides occasionally. But, above all, he is wrapt up in his children, of whom there are six, equally divided in sex.

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Talking of actors and their children reminds one that Mr. Walter Passmore, the eminent Savoy actor, likes nothing better than getting astride a horse-exerciser in the garden with his little son. "It gives you a rare shaking-up," Mr. Passmore will tell you, "and it's splendid for the liver, and gives you a mighty appetite for lunch." Mr. Passmore's other favourite pastimes are riding on real horse-back, which he does assiduously, especially in the country, driving and rowing—in fact, anything where there is motion, except that produced by the sea.

A queer hobby of Mr. Walter Passmore is to sit astride a horse-exerciser with his little son. His other pastimes are riding, driving, and rowing.

Mr. Gus Elen has never broken any records on his "bike," but he has broken many other things. He never passes a month without cultivating a mild bruise. One day he was out with a fat rider, not exactly a cyclist, but a wobblist. Mr. Elen always took care to ride thirty yards away from this gentleman, in case of accident either to machine or machinist; but on one occasion he failed to take this precaution, or rather he endeavoured to pass him in order that he might take a few snapshots with his kodak. All of a sudden, his friend swerved and commenced making shorthand tracks on the road, finally landing flat on his back. "Don't move," yelled Gus Elen, "lie still till your breath comes back," and he proceeded to secure a beautiful picture of him in that position.

Mr. Elen's greatest hobby is, however,

Mr. Penley, had he not been an actor, would have made a first-class country squire. He delights in shooting, fishing, and riding.

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shooting. He has enjoyed many pleasant outings and experiences, and is always very willing to talk about them.

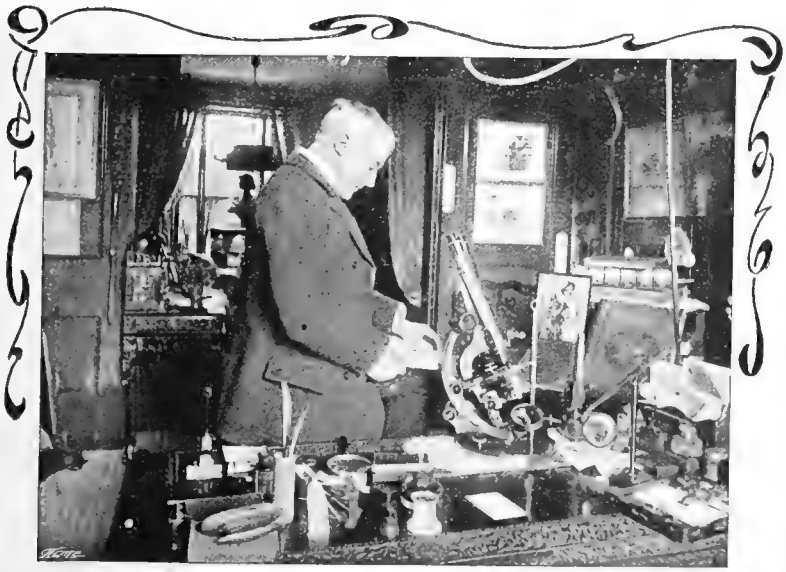
Some actors are exceptionally quiet in their amusements. One of these is Mr. Kyrle Bellew, who might almost be called "a stay-at-home." Mr. Bellew, who favours a rural scenery, is passionately fond of microscopic research, and enjoys few things better than examining his botanical and entomological finds under the lens. He does not profess to be an expert, though his friends may be pardoned for regarding him such. He reads a great deal, too, and is, in short, an unusually cultured and versatile man.

Of lady players who cycle there are numbers; indeed, so general has cycling become among actresses, that a few have taken to motoring with a view to setting a new fashion. But Miss Ada Reeve is still devoted to the wheel, and may be considered one of the pluckiest riders that the stage possesses. Her touring *impedimenta* is incomplete without her bicycle, and when she goes to America, you will find it safely crated on board ship. Miss Reeve has covered hundreds of miles a wheel in the States, frequently foregoing a comfortable train journey in order that she may enjoy her favourite exercise.

Another enthusiastic cyclist is Miss Julia Neilson, who with her husband, Mr. Fred Terry, is constantly to be seen pedalling in the country lanes near London.

Mrs. Terry is a graceful, but not a fast, rider, and being a great lover of nature, she advocates gentle runs, unless there is a matter of business to accelerate the wheel. Yachting is another favourite hobby of this talented actress, and as she is a very capable swimmer she is naturally not afraid to venture out alone. Her husband, by the way, is a proficient sculler, and in addition to cycling and golf, is very fond of a rubber at whist. He also takes a great interest in racing, and is a not infrequent figure on the course.

There is no more enthusiastic devotee of the bicycle than Mr. Gus Elen.



No out-of-door exercise for Mr. Kyrle Bellew. His microscope is his great hobby; he is also an ardent reader.

Miss Margaret Fraser has recently become a victim to the motor craze, and is not ashamed to admit it. She is a capable automobilist, with plenty of nerve, and oft-times pilots her motor

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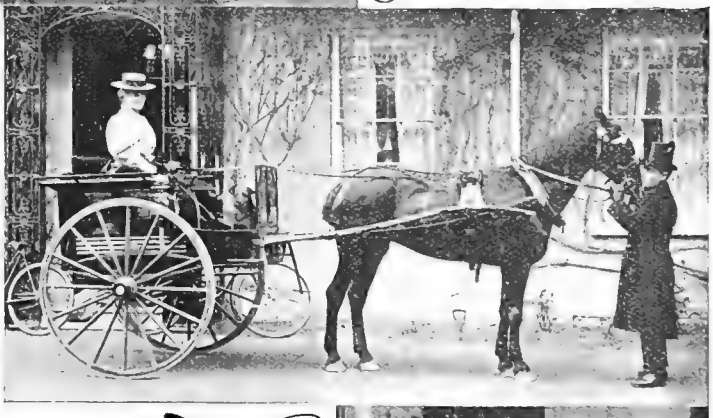
Miss Maxine Elliot and Miss Gertrude Elliot (Mrs. Forbes-Robertson) are devoted to gardening.

through the densest London traffic.

On the other hand, Miss Ethel Matthews, though a motorist, is not addicted to it very badly, and prefers to hibernate indoors for the greater portion of her spare time during the winter. She is naturally very fond of the country, and when summer arrives goes thither as often as work will allow. She shoots, drives and fishes—all a little, this charming lady will modestly tell you. Of the bicycle she has at present no very great regard; she never cycles in London, having discreetly dispensed with her machine—"lest," she says, "I go out and hurt myself."



All out-of-door exercises attract Miss Ellaline Terriss, driving and cycling being her favourites.

Miss Matthews has a number of interesting dogs at her flat off Whitehall, and spends much of her spare time with them. In the summer months she enjoys few things better after a hard night at the theatre than sitting lazily on her balcony, which overlooks the river, and gazing upon the water and the stars.

There are few prettier gardens near London than that at Jackwood, Shooter's Hill, the home of Mr. Nat Goodwin and his beautiful wife, Miss Maxine Elliot, and there is no prettier spectacle in that garden than Miss Elliot in company with her sister, Miss Gertrude Elliot, now Mrs. Forbes Robertson. The two are passionately fond of the outdoor life to which they were brought up in their Irish home. Miss Gertrude Elliot, like her husband, is an enthusiastic golfer and an accomplished singer, and what is more uncommon, delights in whistling solos in the privacy of her garden.

Ask Mr. Seymour Hicks what his favourite

Miss Lily Hanbury's favourite hobby is music; she is also skilled at tennis, riding, swimming, and cycling.

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Miss Ada Reeve is a plucky and devoted cyclist.

Miss Julia Neilson's love for cycling and yachting is well known to all her friends.

Miss Margaret Fraser has taken the motor fever in an unusually severe form.

Miss Ethel Mathews "motors," drives, shoots, and fishes.

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recreation is and he will answer immediately "work"; and you have only to ask some of his "children" at the Vaudeville to have this statement confirmed. But at their home near Windsor Mr. and Mrs. Seymour Hicks throw off the trappings of toil and lead a fresh, open-air life. Miss Ellaline Terriss is passionately fond of driving, and goes out nearly every day in her smart little dog-cart, accompanied by her dog, who occasionally has to be muzzled. She and her husband are also great cyclists, and their machines are rarely absent from the front door in the warmer months. They can both fire a gun and land a fish, and they entertain a good deal when rehearsals are not too exacting.

Miss Lily Hanbury has many hobbies, and she is proficient in all of them, just as she is proficient in her acting. She is very musical, and is frequently to be found seated before her grand piano singing a favourite air. Nominally her recreations are riding, swimming, cycling and playing tennis, but though she excels at all four, each may be periodically allowed to vegetate, to be actively taken up again when the inclination returns.

It is surprising how many well-known actresses are accomplished players of string instruments in private. Miss Louie Freear, for instance, never tires of strumming to herself on the banjo, singing the while some soothing ditty which sticks in her head. Miss Isabel Jay plays a guitar, and plays it well. Miss Florence Collingbourne is a gifted banjoist, and, certainly, the pastime becomes her.

Three lovers of string instruments: Miss Louie Freear, Miss Isabel Jay, and Miss Florence Collingbourne.

Finally, let it be said that the great majority of actors are sportsmen in the true sense of the word. Many a well-known stage face is to be seen of an afternoon in the pavilion at Lord's or the Oval; and were there no such things as matinées, it is safe to say that the owner of the face would be actively figuring in a Saturday afternoon match.

A favourite recreation — for such it seems to be — of many actors and actresses which deserves mention is—charity. Comrades in distress have seldom to plead in vain ere sympathy, and often something more tangible, are bestowed upon them. Sir Henry Irving, prince of good fellows, has silently given away hundreds in the cause of charity. "Johnny" Toole has done the same. Miss Ellen Terry is always doing good unobtrusively. Such examples could easily be multiplied.

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THE YORK MYSTERY.

Being the Second of a Series of Stories entitled "The Mysteries of Great Cities."

Illustrated by P. B. Hickling.

By Baroness E. Orczy.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

The Man in the Corner *of the A.B.C. shop who tells the story to*
The Lady Journalist.
Lord Arthur Skelmerton.
Lady Arthur Skelmerton.
Colonel McIntosh.
Chipps (*Butler*).
James Terry.
Charles Lavender. } *Bookmakers.*
George Higgins. }

I.

The man in the corner looked quite cheerful this morning; he had had two glasses of milk and had even gone to the extravagance of an extra cheese-cake. He was itching to talk police and murders I knew, for he cast furtive glances at me from time to time, produced a bit of string, tied and untied it into scores of complicated knots, and finally, bringing out his pocket-book, he placed before me two or three photographs.

"Do you know who that is?" he asked, pointing to one of these.

I looked at the face on the picture. It was that of a woman, not exactly pretty, but very gentle and childlike, with a strange pathetic look in the large eyes which was wonderfully appealing.

"That was Lady Arthur Skelmerton," he said, and in a flash there flitted before my mind the weird and tragic history which had broken this loving woman's heart. Lady Arthur Skelmerton! That name recalled to me one of the most bewildering, most mysterious passages in the annals of undiscovered crimes.

"Yes. It was sad, wasn't it?" he commented, in answer to my thoughts. "Another case which, but for idiotic blunders on the part of the police, must have stood clear as daylight before the public and satisfied general anxiety. Would you object to my recapitulating its preliminary details?"

I said nothing, so he continued without waiting for a reply.

"It all occurred during the York racing week, a time which brings to the quietest cathedral city its quota of shady characters, who congregate wherever money and wits happen to fly away from their owners. Lord Arthur Skelmerton, a very well-known figure in London society and in racing circles, had rented one of the fine houses which overlook the racecourse. He had entered Peppercorn by St. Armand—Notre Dame, for the Great Ebor Handicap. Peppercorn was the winner of the Newmarket and his chances for the Ebor were considered a practical certainty.

"If you have ever been to York you will have noticed the fine houses which have their drive and front entrances in the road called 'The Mount,' and the gardens of which extend as far as the racecourse, commanding a lovely view over the entire track. It was one of these houses called 'The Elms' which Lord Arthur Skelmerton had rented for the summer.

"Lady Arthur came down some little time before the racing week with her servants—she had no children; but she had many

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relatives and friends in York, since she was the daughter of old Sir John Etty, the cocoa manufacturer, a rigid Quaker, who, it was generally said, kept the tightest possible hold on his own purse-strings and looked with marked disfavour upon his aristocratic son-in-law's fondness for gaming tables and betting books.

"As a matter of fact, Maud Etty had married the handsome young lieutenant in the ——th Hussars, quite against her father's wishes. But she was an only child, and after a good deal of demur and grumbling, Sir John, who idolised his daughter, gave way to her whim, and a reluctant consent to the marriage was wrung from him.

"But as a Yorkshireman, he was far too shrewd a man of the world not to know that love played but a very small part in persuading a Duke's son to marry the daughter of a cocoa manufacturer, and as long as he lived he determined that since his daughter was being wed because of her wealth, that wealth should at least secure her own happiness. He refused to give Lady Arthur any capital, which in spite of the most carefully-worded settlements would inevitably, sooner or later, have found its way into the pockets of Lord Arthur's racing friends. But he made his daughter a very handsome allowance, amounting to over £3000 a year, which enabled her to keep up an establishment befitting her new rank.

"A great many of these facts, intimate enough as they are, leaked out, you see, during that period of intense excitement which followed the murder of Charles Lavender, and when the public eye was fixed searchingly upon Lord Arthur Skelmerton, probing all the inner details of his idle, useless life.

"It soon became a matter of common gossip that poor little Lady Arthur continued to worship her handsome husband in spite of his obvious neglect, and not having as yet presented him with an heir, she settled herself down into a life of humble apology for her plebeian existence, atoning for it by condoning all his faults and forgiving all his vices, even to the extent of cloaking them before the prying eyes of Sir John, who was persuaded to look upon his son-in-law as a paragon of all the domestic virtues and a perfect model of a husband.

"Among Lord Arthur Skelmerton's many expensive tastes, there was certainly that for horseflesh and cards. After some successful betting at the beginning of his married life, he had started a racing-stable which it was generally believed—as he was very lucky—was a regular source of income to him.

"Peppercorn, however, after his brilliant performances at Newmarket did not continue to fulfil his master's expectations. His collapse at York was attributed to the hardness of the course, and to various other causes, but its immediate effect was to put Lord Arthur Skelmerton in what is popularly called a tight place for he had backed his horse for all he was worth, and must have stood to lose considerably over £5000 on that one day.

"The collapse of the favourite and the grand victory of 'King Cole,' a rank outsider, on the other hand had proved a golden harvest for the bookmakers, and all the York hotels were busy with dinners and suppers given by the confraternity of the turf to celebrate the happy occasion. The next day was Friday, one of few important racing events, after which the brilliant and the shady throng which had flocked into the venerable city for the week would fly to more congenial climes, and leave it, with its fine old Minster and its ancient walls, as sleepy, as quiet as before.

"Lord Arthur Skelmerton also intended to leave York on the Saturday, and on the Friday night he gave a farewell bachelor dinner party at 'The Elms,' at which Lady Arthur did not appear. After dinner, the gentlemen settled down to 'bridge,' with pretty stiff points, you may be sure. It had just struck eleven at the Minster Tower, when constables McNaught and Murphy, who were patrolling the racecourse, were startled by loud cries of 'murder' and 'police.'

"Quickly ascertaining whence these cries proceeded, they hurried on at a gallop, and came up—quite close to the boundary of Lord Arthur Skelmerton's grounds—upon a group of three men, two of whom seemed to be wrestling vigorously with one another, whilst the third was lying face downwards on the ground. As soon as the constables drew near, one of the wrestlers shouted more vigorously, and with a certain tone of authority:

"'Here, you fellows, hurry up, sharp; the brute is giving me the slip!'

"But the brute did not seem inclined to do anything of the sort; he certainly extricated himself with a violent jerk from his assailant's grasp, but made no attempt to run away. The constables had quickly dismounted, whilst he, who had shouted for help originally, added more quietly:

"'My name is Skelmerton. This is the boundary of my property. I was smoking a

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cigar at the pavilion over there with a friend when I heard loud voices, followed by a cry and a groan. I hurried down the steps, and saw this poor fellow lying on the ground, with a knife sticking between his shoulder-blades, and his murderer,' he added, pointing to the man who stood quietly by with constable McNaught's firm grip upon his shoulder, 'still stooping over the body of his victim. I was too late, I fear, to save the latter, but just in time to grapple with the assassin——'

"'It's a lie!' here interrupted the man hoarsely. 'I didn't do it, constable; I swear I didn't do it. I saw him fall—I was coming along a couple of hundred yards away, and I tried to see if the poor fellow was dead. I swear I didn't do it.'

"'You'll have to explain that to the inspector presently, my man,' was constable McNaught's quiet comment, and, still vigorously protesting his innocence, the accused allowed himself to be led away, and the body was conveyed to the station, pending fuller identification.

"The next morning the papers were full of the tragedy; a column and a half of the *York Herald* was devoted to an account of Lord Arthur Skelmerton's plucky capture of the assassin. The latter had continued to declare his innocence, but had remarked, it appears, with grim humour, that he quite saw he was in a tight place, out of which, however, he would find it easy to extricate himself. He had stated to the police that the deceased's name was Charles Lavender, a well-known bookmaker, which fact was soon verified, for many of the murdered man's 'pals' were still in the city.

"So far the most pushing of newspaper reporters had been unable to glean further information from the police; no one doubted, however, but that the man in charge, who gave his name as George Higgins, had killed the bookmaker for purposes of robbery. The inquest had been fixed for the Tuesday after the murder.

"Lord Arthur had been obliged to stay in York a few days, as his evidence would be needed. That fact gave the case, perhaps, a

"Two seemed to be wrestling vigorously with one another, whilst a third was lying face downwards on the ground."

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certain amount of interest as far as York and London 'society' were concerned. Charles Lavender, moreover, was well known on the turf; but no bombshell exploding beneath the walls of the ancient cathedral city could more have astonished its inhabitants than the news which, at about five in the afternoon on the day of the inquest, spread like wildfire throughout the town. That news was that the inquest had concluded at three o'clock with a verdict of 'Wilful murder against some person or persons unknown,' and that two hours later the police had arrested Lord Arthur Skelmerton at his private residence, 'The Elms,' and charged him on a warrant with the murder of Charles Lavender, the bookmaker."

II.

"THE police, it appears, instinctively feeling that some mystery lurked round the death of the bookmaker and his supposed murderer's quiet protestations of innocence, had taken a very considerable amount of trouble in collecting all the evidence they could for the inquest, which might throw some light upon Charles Lavender's life, previous to his tragic end. Thus it was that a very large array of witnesses was brought before the coroner, chief among whom was, of course, Lord Arthur Skelmerton.

"The first witnesses called were the two constables, who deposed that, just as the church clocks in the neighbourhood were striking eleven, they had heard the cries for help, had ridden to the spot whence the sounds proceeded, and had found the prisoner in the tight grasp of Lord Arthur Skelmerton, who at once accused the man of murder, and gave him in charge. Both constables gave the same version of the incident, and both were positive as to the time when it occurred.

"Medical evidence went to prove that the deceased had been stabbed from behind between the shoulder blades whilst he was walking, that the wound was inflicted by a large hunting knife, which was produced, and which had been left sticking in the wound.

"Lord Arthur Skelmerton was then called and substantially repeated what he had already told the constables. He stated, namely, that on the night in question he had some gentlemen friends to dinner, and afterwards 'bridge' was played. He himself was not playing much, and at a few minutes before eleven he strolled out with a cigar as far as the pavilion at the end of his garden; he then heard the voices, the cry and the groan previously described by him, and managed to hold the murderer down until the arrival of the constables.

"At this point the police proposed to call a witness, James Terry by name and a bookmaker by profession, who had been chiefly instrumental in identifying the deceased, a 'pal' of his. It was his evidence which first introduced that element of sensation into the case which culminated in the wildly exciting arrest of a Duke's son upon a capital charge.

"It appears that on the evening after the Ebor, Terry and Lavender were in the bar of the Black Swan Hotel having drinks.

"'I had done pretty well over Peppercorn's fiasco,' he explained, 'but poor old Lavender was very much down in the dumps; he had held only a very few small bets against the favourite, and the rest of the day had been a poor one with him. I asked him if he had any bets with the owner of Peppercorn, and he told me that he only held one for less than £500.

"'I laughed and said that if he held one for £5000 it would make no difference, as from what I had heard from the other fellows, Lord Arthur Skelmerton must be about stumped. Lavender seemed terribly put out at this, and swore he would get that £500 out of Lord Arthur, if no one else got another penny from him.

"'"It's the only money I've made to-day,' he says to me. "I mean to get it."

"'"You won't," I says.

"'"I will," he says.

"'"You will have to look pretty sharp about it then," I says, "for everyone will be wanting to get something, and first come first served."

"'"Oh! He'll serve me right enough, never you mind!" says Lavender to me with a laugh. "If he don't pay up willingly, I've got that in my pocket which will make him sit up and open my lady's eyes and Sir John Etty's too about their precious noble lord."

"'Then he seemed to think he had gone too far and wouldn't say anything more to me about that affair. I saw him on the course the next day. I asked him if he had got his £500. He said: "No, but I shall get it to-day."'

"Lord Arthur Skelmerton, after having given his own evidence, had left the court; it was therefore impossible to know how he would take this account which threw so serious a light upon an association with the dead man, of which he himself had said nothing.

"Nothing could shake James Terry's account of the facts he had placed before the jury, and when the police informed the

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coroner that they proposed to place George Higgins himself in the witness box, as his evidence would prove, as it were, a complement and corollary of that of Terry, the jury very eagerly assented.

"If James Terry, the bookmaker, loud, florid, vulgar, was an unprepossessing individual, certainly George Higgins, who was still under the accusation of murder, was ten thousand times more so.

"None too clean, slouchy, obsequious yet insolent, he was the very personification of the cad who haunts the racecourse and who lives not so much by his own wits as by the lack of them in others. He described himself as a turf commission agent, whatever that may be.

"He stated that at about six o'clock on the Friday afternoon, when the racecourse was still full of people, all hurrying after the day's excitements, he himself happened to be standing close to the hedge which marks the boundary of Lord Arthur Skelmerton's grounds. There is a pavilion there at the end of the garden, he explained, on slightly elevated ground, and he could hear and see a group of ladies and gentlemen having tea. Some steps lead down a little to the left of the garden, on to the course, and presently he noticed at the bottom of these steps Lord Arthur Skelmerton and Charles Lavender standing talking together. He knew both gentlemen by sight, but he could not see them very well as they were both partly hidden by the hedge. He was quite sure that the gentlemen had not seen him, and he could not help overhearing some of their conversation.

"'That's my last word, Lavender,' Lord Arthur was saying very quietly. 'I haven't got the money and I can't pay you now. You'll have to wait.'

"'Wait? I can't wait,' said old Lavender in reply. 'I've got my engagements to meet, same as you. I'm not going to risk being posted up as a defaulter while you hold £500

"If he don't pay up willingly I've got that in my pocket which will make him sit up.

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of my money. You'd better give it me now or—'

"But Lord Arthur interrupted him very quietly, and said:

"'Yes, my good man . . . . or?'

"'Or I'll let Sir John have a good look at that little bill I had of yours a couple of years ago. If you'll remember, my lord, it has got at the bottom of it Sir John's signature in *your* handwriting. Perhaps Sir John, or perhaps my lady, would pay me something for that little bill. If not the police can have a squint at it. I've held my tongue long enough, and—'

"'Look here, Lavender,' said Lord Arthur, 'do you know what this little game of yours is called in law?'

"'Yes, and I don't care,' says Lavender. 'If I don't have that £500 I am a ruined man. If you ruin me I'll do for you, and we shall be quits. That's my last word.'

"He was talking very loudly, and I thought some of Lord Arthur's friends up in the pavilion must have heard. He thought so, too, I think, for he said quickly:

"'If you don't hold your confounded tongue, I'll give you in charge for blackmail, this instant.'

"'You wouldn't dare,' says Lavender, and he began to laugh. But just then a lady from the top of the steps said: 'Your tea is getting cold,' and Lord Arthur turned to go; but just before he went, Lavender says to him: 'I'll come back to-night. You'll have the money then.'

"George Higgins, it appears, after he had heard this interesting conversation, pondered as to whether he could not turn what he knew into some sort of profit. Being a gentleman who lives entirely by his wits, this type of knowledge forms his chief source of income. As a preliminary to future moves, he decided not to lose sight of Lavender for the rest of the day.

"'He went and had dinner at The Black Swan,' he explained, 'and I, after I had had a bite myself, waited outside till I saw him come out. At about ten o'clock I was rewarded for my trouble. He told the hall porter to get him a fly and he jumped into it. I could not hear what direction he gave the driver, but the fly certainly drove off towards the racecourse.

"'Now, I was interested in this little affair,' continued the witness, 'and I couldn't afford a fly. I started to run. Of course I couldn't keep up with it, but I thought I knew which way my gentleman had gone. I made straight for the racecourse, and for the hedge at the bottom of Lord Arthur Skelmerton's grounds.

"'It was rather a dark night and there was a slight drizzle. I couldn't see more than about a hundred yards before me. All at once it seemed to me as if I heard Lavender's voice talking loudly in the distance. I hurried forward, and suddenly saw a group of two figures—mere blurs in the darkness—for one instant, at a distance of about fifty yards from where I was.

"'The next moment, one figure had fallen forward and the other had disappeared. I ran to the spot, only to find the body of the murdered man lying on the ground. I stooped to see if I could be of any use to him, and immediately I was collared from behind by Lord Arthur himself.'

"You may imagine," said the man in the corner, "how keen was the excitement at that moment in court. Coroner and jury alike literally hung breathless on every word that shabby vulgar individual uttered. You see, by itself his evidence would have been worth very little, but coming on the top of that given by James Terry, its significance—more, its truth—had become glaringly apparent. Closely cross-examined, he adhered strictly to his statement; and having finished his evidence, George Higgins remained in charge of the constables, and the next witness of importance was called up.

"This was Mr. Chipps, the senior footman in the employment of Lord Arthur Skelmerton. He deposed that at about 10.30 on the Friday evening a 'party' drove up to 'The Elms' in a fly, and asked to see Lord Arthur. On being told that his lordship had company he seemed terribly put out.

"'I hasked the party to give me 'is card,' continued Mr. Chipps, 'as I didn't know, perhaps, that 'is lordship might wish to see 'im, but I kept 'im standing at the 'all door, as I didn't altogether like his looks. I took the card in. His lordship and the gentlemen was playin' cards in the smoking-room, and as soon as I could do so without disturbing 'is lordship, I give him the party's card.'

"'What name was there on the card?' here interrupted the coroner.

"'I couldn't say now, sir,' replied Mr. Chipps; 'I don't really remember. It was a name I had never seen before. But I see so many visiting cards one way and the other in 'is lordship's 'all that I can't remember all the names.'

"'Then, after a few minutes waiting, you gave his lordship the card? What happened then?'

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"'Is lordship didn't seem at all pleased,' said Mr. Chipps with much guarded dignity; 'but finally he said: "show him into the library, Chipps, I'll see him," and he got up from the card table, saying to the gentlemen: "Go on without me; I'll be back in a minute or two."

"'I was about to open the door for 'is lordship when my lady came into the room, and then his lordship suddenly changed his mind like, and said to me: "Tell that man I'm busy and can't see him," and 'e sat down again at the card table. I went back to the 'all, and told the party 'is lordship wouldn't see 'im. 'E said: "Oh! it doesn't matter," and went away quite quiet like.'

"'Do you recollect at all at what time that was?' asked one of the jury.

"'Yes, sir, while I was waiting to speak to 'is lordship I looked at the clock, sir; it was twenty past ten, sir.'

"There was one more significant fact in connection with the case, which tended still more to excite the curiosity of the public at the time, and still further to bewilder the police later on, and that fact was mentioned by Chipps in his evidence. The knife, namely, with which Charles Lavender had been stabbed, and which, remember, had been left in the wound, was now produced in court. After a little hesitation Chipps identified it as the property of his master, Lord Arthur Skelmerton.

"Tell the man I'm busy and can't see him."

"Can you wonder, then, that the jury absolutely refused to bring in a verdict against George Higgins? There was really, beyond Lord Arthur Skelmerton's testimony, not one particle of evidence against him, whilst, as the day wore on and witness after witness was called up, suspicion ripened in the minds of all those present that the murderer could be no other than Lord Arthur Skelmerton himself.

"The knife was of course the strongest piece of circumstantial evidence, and no doubt the police hoped to collect a great deal more now that they held a clue in their hands. Directly after the verdict, therefore, which was guardedly directed against some person unknown, the police obtained a warrant and later on arrested Lord Arthur in his own house.

III.

"THE sensation, of course, was tremendous. Hours before he was brought up before the magistrate the approach to the court was thronged. His friends, mostly ladies, were all eager, you see, to watch the dashing society man in so terrible a position. There was universal sympathy for Lady Arthur, who was in a very precarious state of health. Her worship of her worthless husband was well known; small wonder that his final and awful misdeed had practically broken her heart.

"At last the prisoner was brought in. He looked very pale, perhaps, but otherwise kept up the bearing of a high-bred gentleman.

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He was accompanied by his solicitor, Sir Marmaduke Ingersoll, who was evidently talking to him in quiet, reassuring tones.

"Mr. Buchanan prosecuted for the Treasury, and certainly his indictment was terrific. According to him but one decision could be arrived at, namely, that the accused in the dock had, in a moment of passion, and perhaps of fear, killed the blackmailer who threatened him with disclosures which might for ever have ruined him socially, and, having committed the deed and fearing its consequences, probably realising that the patrolling constables might catch sight of his retreating figure, he had availed himself of George Higgins's presence on the spot to loudly accuse him of the murder.

"Having concluded his able speech, Mr. Buchanan called his witnesses, and the evidence, which on second hearing seemed more damning than ever, was all gone through again.

"Sir Marmaduke had no question to ask of the witnesses for the prosecution; he stared at them placidly through his gold rimmed spectacles. Then he was ready to call his own for the defence. Colonel McIntosh, R.A., was the first. He was present at the bachelor's party given by Lord Arthur the night of the murder. His evidence tended at first to corroborate that of Chipps the footman with regard to Lord Arthur's orders to show the visitor into the library, and his counter-order as soon as his wife came into the room.

"'Did you not think it strange, Colonel?' asked Mr. Buchanan, 'that Lord Arthur should so suddenly have changed his mind about seeing his visitor?'

"'Well, not exactly strange,' said the Colonel, a fine, manly, soldierly figure who looked curiously out of his element in the witness-box. 'I don't think that it is a very rare occurrence for racing men to have certain acquaintances whom they would not wish their wives to know anything about?'

"'Then it did not strike you that Lord Arthur Skelmerton had some reason for not wishing his wife to know of that particular visitor's presence in his house?'

"'I don't think that I gave the matter the slightest serious consideration,' was the Colonel's guarded reply.

"Mr. Buchanan did not press the point, and allowed the witness to conclude his statements.

"'I had finished my turn at "bridge," he said, 'and went out into the garden to smoke a cigar. Lord Arthur Skelmerton joined me a few minutes later, and we were sitting in the pavilion when I heard a loud, and as I thought, threatening voice from the other side of the hedge.

"'I did not catch the words, but Lord Arthur said to me: "There seems to be a row down there. I'll go and have a look and see what it is." I tried to dissuade him, and certainly made no attempt to follow him, but not more than half a minute could have elapsed before I heard a cry and a groan, then Lord Arthur's footsteps hurrying down the wooden stairs which lead on to the racecourse.'

"You may imagine," said the man in the corner, "what severe cross-examination the gallant Colonel had to undergo in order that his assertions might in some way be shaken by the prosecution, but with military precision and frigid calm he repeated his important statements amidst a general silence, through which you could have heard the proverbial pin.

"He had heard the threatening voice *while* sitting with Lord Arthur Skelmerton; then came the cry and groan, and, *after that*, Lord Arthur's steps down the stairs. He himself thought of following to see what had happened, but it was a very dark night and he did not know the grounds very well. While trying to find his way to the garden steps he heard Lord Arthur's cry for help, the tramp of the patrolling constables' horses, and subsequently the whole scene between Lord Arthur, the man Higgins, and the constables. When he finally found his way to the stairs, Lord Arthur was returning in order to send a groom for police assistance.

"The witness stuck to his points as he had to his guns at Beckfontein a year ago; nothing could shake him, and Sir Marmaduke looked triumphantly across at his opposing colleague.

"With the gallant Colonel's statements, the edifice of the prosecution certainly began to collapse. You see, there was not a particle of evidence to show that the accused had met and spoken to the deceased, after the latter's visit at the front door of 'The Elms.' He told Chipps that he wouldn't see the visitor, and Chipps went into the hall directly and showed Lavender out the way he came. No assignation could have been made, no hint could have been given by the murdered man to Lord Arthur that he would go round to the back entrance and wished to see him there.

"Two other guests of Lord Arthur's swore positively that after Chipps had announced the visitor, their host stayed at the card-table

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until a quarter to eleven, when evidently he went out to join Colonel McIntosh in the garden. Sir Marmaduke's speech was clever in the extreme. Bit by bit he demolished that tower of strength, the case against the accused, basing his defence entirely upon the evidence of Lord Arthur Skelmerton's guests that night.

"'Until 10.45 Lord Arthur was playing cards; a quarter of an hour later the police were on the scene, and the murder had been committed. In the meanwhile Colonel McIntosh's evidence proved conclusively that the accused had been sitting with him, smoking a cigar. It was obvious, therefore, clear as daylight,' concluded the great lawyer, 'that his client was entitled to a full discharge; nay, more, he thought that the police should have been more careful before they harrowed up public feeling by arresting a high-born gentleman on such insufficient evidence as they had brought forward.'

"The question of the knife remained certainly, but Sir Marmaduke passed over it with guarded eloquence, placing that strange question in the category of those inexplicable coincidences which tend to puzzle the ablest detectives, and cause them to commit such unpardonable blunders as the present one had been. After all, the footman may have been mistaken. The pattern of that knife was not an exclusive one, and he, on behalf of his client, flatly denied that it had ever belonged to him.

"Well," continued the man in the corner, with the chuckle peculiar to him in moments of excitement, "the noble prisoner was discharged. Perhaps it would be invidious to say that he left the court without a stain on his character, for I daresay you know from experience that the crime known as the York Mystery has never been satisfactorily cleared up.

"Many people shook their heads dubiously when they remembered that after all Charles Lavender was killed with a knife which one witness had sworn belonged to Lord Arthur; others, again, reverted to the original theory that George Higgins was the murderer, that he and James Terry had concocted the story of Lavender's attempt at blackmail on Lord Arthur, and that the murder had been committed for the sole purpose of robbery.

"Be that as it may, the police have not so far been able to collect sufficient evidence against Higgins or Terry, and the crime has been classed by press and public alike in the category of so-called impenetrable mysteries."

IV.

The man in the corner called for another glass of milk, and drank it down slowly before he resumed:

"Now Lord Arthur lives mostly abroad," he said. "His poor, suffering wife died the day after he was liberated by the magistrate. She never recovered consciousness even sufficiently to hear the joyful news that the man she loved so well was innocent after all.

"Mystery!" he added as if in answer to my own thoughts. "The murder of that man was never a mystery to me. I cannot understand how the police could have been so blind when every one of the witnesses, both for the prosecution and defence, practically pointed all the time to the one guilty person. What do you think of it all yourself?"

"I think the whole case so bewildering," I replied, "that I do not see one single clear point in it."

"You don't?" he said excitedly, while the bony fingers fidgeted again with that inevitable bit of string. "You don't see that there is one point clear which to me was the key of the whole thing.

"Lavender was murdered, wasn't he? Lord Arthur did not kill him. He had at least in Colonel McIntosh an unimpeachable witness to prove that he could not have committed that murder—and yet," he added with slow, excited emphasis, marking each sentence with a knot, "and yet he deliberately tries to throw the guilt upon a man who obviously was also innocent. Now why?"

"He may have thought him guilty."

"Or wished to shield or cover the retreat of *one he knew to be guilty*."

"I don't understand."

"Think of someone," he said excitedly, "someone whose desire would be as great as that of Lord Arthur to silence a scandal round that gentleman's name. Someone who, unknown perhaps to Lord Arthur, had overheard the same conversation which George Higgins related to the police and the magistrate, someone who, whilst Chipps was taking Lavender's card in to his master had a few minutes' time wherein to make an assignation with Lavender, promising him money, no doubt, in exchange for the compromising bills."

"Surely you don't mean—" I gasped.

"Point No. 1," he interrupted quietly, "utterly missed by the police. George Higgins in his deposition stated that at the most animated stage of Lavender's conversation with Lord Arthur, and when the bookmaker's tone of voice became loud and

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threatening, a voice from the top of the steps interrupted that conversation, saying: 'Your tea is getting cold.'"

"Yes—but—" I argued.

"Wait a moment, for there is point No. 2. That voice was a lady's voice. Now I did exactly what the police should have done but did not do. I went to have a look from the racecourse side at those garden steps which to my mind are such important factors in the discovery of this crime. I found only about a dozen rather low steps; anyone standing on the top must have heard every word Charles Lavender uttered the moment he raised his voice."

"Even then——"

"Very well, you grant that," he said excitedly. "Then there was the great, the all-important point which, oddly enough, the prosecution never for a moment took into consideration. When Chipps, the footman, first told Lavender that Lord Arthur could not see him the bookmaker was terribly put out; Chipps then goes to speak to his master; a few minutes elapse, and when the footman once again tells Lavender that his lordship won't see him, the latter says 'Very well' and seems to treat the matter with complete indifference.

"Obviously, therefore, something must have happened in between to alter the bookmaker's frame of mind. Well! What had happened? Think over all the evidence and you will see that one thing only had occurred in the interval, namely, Lady Arthur's advent into the room.

"In order to go into the smoking-room she must have crossed the hall; she must have seen Lavender. In that brief interval she must have realised that the man was persistent and therefore a living danger to her husband. Remember, women have done strange things, they are a far greater puzzle to the student of human nature than the sterner, less complex sex has ever been. As I argued before—as the police should have argued all along—why did Lord Arthur deliberately accuse an innocent man of murder if not to shield the guilty one?

"Remember Lady Arthur may have been discovered; the man, George Higgins, may have caught sight of her before she had time to make good her retreat. His attention as well as that of the constables had to be diverted. Lord Arthur acted on the blind impulse of saving his wife at any cost."

"She may have been met by Colonel McIntosh," I argued.

"Perhaps she was," he said. "Who knows? The gallant colonel had to swear to his friend's innocence. He could do that in all conscience—after that his duty was accomplished. No innocent man was suffering for the guilty. The knife which had belonged to Lord Arthur would always save George Higgins. For a time it had pointed to the husband; fortunately never to the wife. Poor thing, she died probably of a broken heart, but women when they love think only of one object on earth—the one who is beloved.

"To me the whole thing was clear from the very first. When I read the account of the murder—the knife! stabbing!—bah! Don't I know enough of *English* crime not to be certain at once that no English*man*, be he ruffian from the gutter or be he Duke's son, ever stabs his victim in the back. Italians, French, Spaniards do it, if you will, and women of most nations. An Englishman's instinct is to strike and not to stab. George Higgins or Lord Arthur Skelmerton would have knocked their victim down; the woman only would lie in wait till the enemy's back was turned. She knows her weakness, and she does not mean to miss.

"Think it over. There is not one flaw in my argument, but the police never thought the matter out—perhaps in this case it was as well."

He had gone and left me still staring at the photograph of a pretty, gentle-looking woman, with a decided wilful curve round the mouth, and a strange unaccountable look in the large pathetic eyes; and I felt quite thankful that in this case, the murder of Charles Lavender the bookmaker—cowardly, wicked as it was—had remained a mystery to the police and the public.

The next Mystery which "The Man in the Corner" unravels is entitled "The Liverpool Mystery," and takes place in that city. This appears in the June Number, which, owing to the Whitsuntide Holidays, will be published on the 16th of May instead of the 22nd.

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PLATE SPINNING

The Art of Plate-Spinning; and How Anyone with Patience can Acquire the Art. The Illustrations from Animated Photographs by R. W. Paul on this page show Mr. Maskelyne spinning three Plates and a Basin.

By C. Lang Neil.

Of late years the amateur has left few fields, hitherto looked upon as the monopolies of the professional, free from his attention. So much so, that in many branches of artistic work or entertaining skill the clever amateur's production can scarcely be distinguished from that of a professional.

Now, I can suggest a hobby in which the amateur will find no difficulty in acquiring a proficiency sufficient to cause much amusement to both himself and his friends. If he should be ambitious, he will find scope for a patient development of his skill over a number of years, and yet at the end of that time will still find that he has something more to learn would he rival the famous professional entertainer, Mr. Maskelyne—by whose courtesy the writer is enabled to present the illustrations which accompany these few leading hints upon plate-spinning.

There are very few professional plate spinners, and the reason is not far to seek. It is this: Feats of spinning complicated and effective enough to perform before the critical present-day public, would require far more time to acquire than many a more showy juggling feat. Hence it is that jugglers one and all seem unwilling to attempt to rival Mr. Maskelyne in what has now come to be looked upon as one of his own monopolies in the entertainment line.

Everyone knows Mr. Maskelyne to be the greatest living magician, but few, if any, know how he was first attracted to the subject of his life's work.

Early in the last century the "Professor of Cabalistics," Signor Blitz, came over to this country, and, besides his conjuring tricks, produced his entertainment of the "Dancing Plates."

This is the first record of plate-spinning in England, though there is little doubt that professors of the art had been

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plying their vocation long before this in Southern Europe. When Mr. Maskelyne, at the age of about six or seven years, first saw the renowned Signor he was already an old man.

It was owing to young Maskelyne having been very much struck by a certain trick that the servants in his mother's household became involved in much trouble of a mysterious kind. For, in some unaccountable manner, the dinner plates, which were carefully washed and deposited in their usual place overnight, were, in the morning, found, undisturbed, truly, but with several large cracks running across them from side to centre.

This happened again and again, to the consternation of the maids, who could only reiterate their innocence of any carelessness in handling the crockery. But, as the pitcher may be taken too often to the well, the surreptitious plate-spinner, who was, it is needless to say, young Maskelyne, was at length discovered at his tricks.

Plate-spinning cannot be taught. All that can be done is to give a few hints. The rest the learner must acquire by practice. Our illustrations, besides portraying Mr. Maskelyne in some of his most difficult feats, show his hands in the act of starting and spinning both a plate and a basin. A study of these will be of more service to the beginner than pages of instructions.

The art of plate-spinning consists mainly in a well-regulated movement of the hands, and one of the first things to learn is, with the tip of the second finger, to be able to draw a circle about three inches in diameter rapidly upon the table. With practice, as time goes

Mr. Maskelyne starting a basin and spinning a basin, starting a plate and spinning it. To start either you must give it a twist from finger to thumb, and to keep it spinning rub its surface with a circular motion from time to time.

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on, proficiency in this direction will become natural. Each plate must be started spinning with a twist from finger and thumb, and then kept spinning by the circular motion of the second finger from time to time. The important question as to size and quality of plates to be used may be answered at once. The amateur will experience but a quarter of the difficulty in spinning a large plate that he would with a small one, though the practised hand has more control, and can perform cleverer tricks with a small than with a large plate

An ordinary common delph dinner plate, some ten or more inches in diameter, is recommended. The plates should be thick, and have smooth, round edges. They must not be fluted or "scallop-shaped" at the edge, as it is only with a plain, circular plate that spinning can succeed.

Blitz used the first finger to spin with, but Mr. Maskelyne uses the second, which he finds more sensitive of touch. The more practice the better, and it should be regular. Most men can spare half-an-hour a day, and if this is devoted to practice—on a dining-table, with a moderately smooth surface without a cloth—the amateur should soon learn how to spin one plate with dexterity.

There is plenty of exercise in the practice, and in cold weather half-an-hour at it will warm up the spinner as well as a half mile run. From being able to keep up the spinning of one plate, you may advance to two, and at length to three.

The time devoted by Mr. Maskelyne to private practice, when he was preparing to present his different combinations, was eight hours. But then it is not likely that any of my readers will be attempting the superlatively difficult feat of spinning several plates across a bridge, and up a spiral incline four inches wide!

Mr. Maskelyne keeping six plates and a basin spinning simultaneously.

A difficult trick, and very effective, is to spin one plate with each hand, the one revolving slowly and the other quickly. As the critic of a London daily paper once wrote, this being possible, so must it be possible to write simultaneously two letters on divers subjects, at the same time, one with each hand.

One may extend the field of spinning to basins and other crockery. A basin is easier to spin than a plate, because the centre of

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gravity is lower, and it has a better balance. Whatever is being spun, there is one acquirement which will be found most valuable, and that is to learn how to use both hands at once or alternately. Ambi-dexterity gives a great advantage to the plate spinner.

For himself, Mr. Maskelyne began practising by the above-mentioned midnight experiments, and has continued it ever since, with the result that he can keep spinning about six small plates, each necessitating the aid of his hands every ten seconds; or he spins twelve basins, his finger visiting each every twenty seconds.

Mr. Maskelyne finds no difficulty in spinning two plates with his arms bound together.

The learner may, however, consider himself well advanced as an amateur if at the end of three months he can keep two plates spinning. Having learned one feat, hand and eye will accomplish others with less difficulty. And by dint of practice you will always become more skilful and exact.

However, accidents happen, and one must learn how to pick a plate up readily should it fall. The two hands must be used, and the plate quickly set spinning again, all in the twinkling of an eye, care being taken not to upset any others which may be on the go at the time.

With these few points for their guidance I must leave my readers to their own resources as spinners.

One of Mr. Maskelyne's special feats. He spins two plates up an incline on to a see-saw.

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A DAY

FOR LIFE.

The Competition in . . which 5s. a Day for Life . is offered begins now.

THIS month we are able to give full particulars of the competition in which the munificent sum of *Five Shillings a Day for Life* is offered as the prize. The conditions under which the offer is made will be found on the next page.

The offer of such a sum as *Five Shillings a Day for Life* at first strikes one as being merely a novelty. It is a difficult matter for people to realise what *Five Shillings a Day for Life* would actually mean to them. Of course, the worse off they are financially, the more welcome would such a pension be. Perhaps you yourself are not in particular want of an extra hundred pounds a year. If that be so, then you can always do good to others by distributing it amongst the needy. On the other hand, if you feel that *Five Shillings a Day* would be useful to you, just consider for a few moments what you could really do with it without touching your present income.

In order to assist you to realise this, we mention below a few of the things which may be obtained, either immediately or as the result of a few months' saving.

A Charming Villa.

Directly you win the prize, any villa you choose may become yours. All you have to do is to purchase it through a building society, and, with *Five Shillings a Day for Life*, you will soon repay the purchase money.

A Governess Cart and Pony.

This you may purchase after saving up for a few months; and the cost of keeping it, including the wages of a boy to look after the pony, will be easily covered by *Five Shillings a Day*.

A New Suite of Furniture.

If any of your rooms want furnishing, you will be able to save up for a few months, and at the end of that time make what purchases you want without touching your present salary.

New Bicycles.

Perhaps, under present circumstances, it is impossible for you to secure really good bicycles for yourself, your wife and children; but with *Five Shillings a Day for Life* it will not take long before they are all supplied with brand new machines, with plenty of money to spend on week-end runs.

Holidays.

There are thousands of folk who, through no fault of their own, are unable to take annual holidays on account of the lowness of the exchequer. Perhaps you are one of them. If so, the *Five Shillings a Day for Life*, saved up for a few months, will supply you with funds enough to go where you like and live as you please.

Jewellery.

There are plenty of girls who would dearly love to have a little jewellery if it were possible to obtain it. Should the winner of this huge prize be such a young lady, she will be able to gratify her wishes to her heart's content.

In fact, there is practically no limit to the possibilities of what one could do with

Five Shillings a Day for Life.

All that is necessary now is for you to turn over leaf and read carefully the conditions under which you may enter for this prize.

Even if you don't think you can win the first great prize, you stand a good chance of securing one of the smaller prizes, for

£100

will be divided up in consolation gifts according to the discretion of the Editor.

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What you have to do ...

IN THE NEXT TWO PAGES you will find twelve pictures. Each of these pictures consists of a certain number of objects. These objects, either singly or collectively, represent the name of a town or place in the United Kingdom.

What you have to do is to find the town or place with the longest name entirely from the names of objects depicted in the pictures (or from their phonetic equivalents).

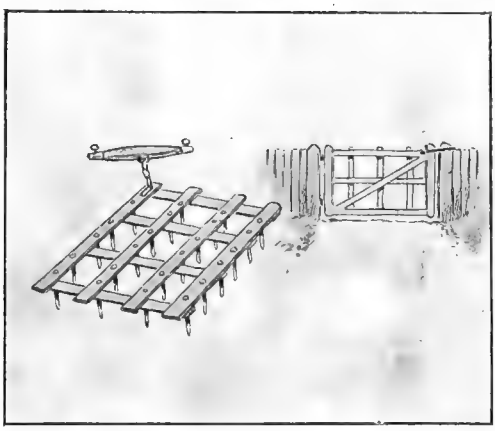
An "object" does not include sky or shading necessary for correct drawing.

Before you begin, carefully examine the example shown below, which will make the matter clear.

Taking this as a guide, you have now to examine the twelve pictures on the next two pages, and discover the name of the town or place which each of them represents. When you have done this, write the name down in the space provided, and keep the pages by you until you are told to send them in.

Don't be discouraged if you cannot find all the names. Fill in as many as you can; other people may be no cleverer than yourself, and it is the competitor with the fewest mistakes who wins.

When you find a difficult one, ask your friends to help you.



CORRECT SOLUTION: HARROGATE.

INCORRECT SOLUTIONS: (1) HARROW: Because it comprises fewer letters than Harrogate. (2) GATE: (for same reason).

CONDITIONS :—

1. The names must be clearly written in ink. (*Use a fine pen*).

2. Only one name is allowed under each picture.

3. No alterations are to be allowed in the words. If you have made a mistake in the spelling, cross the word out and write it again.

4. When you have filled up your list, cut it out and **keep it by you until you are told to send it in.**

5. You may forward as many sets of pages as you like. Each set will be accepted independently, and the pages composing it must be pinned together.

6. The name of the place with the greatest number of letters depicted in each picture is the correct solution, but if there are two or more such names of places depicted in one picture with an equal number of letters, then each will be counted correct.

7. No competitor may receive the assistance of professional competition solvers who send out circulars, or whose advertisements appear in the Press. Every person who enters for this competition must do so only on this understanding, and winners will be asked to satisfy us that they have not contravened this condition.

8. In the event of a tie a further, or, if necessary, several further, sets of pictures will be submitted to the tieing competitors, until one shall win the prize outright.

9. The first prize—that is, 5s. per day for life—will be payable monthly to the winner, who shall not be entitled to require that it be capitalised.

THE PRIZE OF . . .

5s. a Day for Life

Will be given to the competitor from whom we receive a set of pages containing the greatest number of correct solutions.

The sum of **£100** will be divided, at the discretion of the Editor, amongst those who come next.

All the names depicted in the sketches will be found as printed in the list of Provincial Post Offices in the Post Office Guide, which may be consulted at any Post Office, or may be purchased for 6d.

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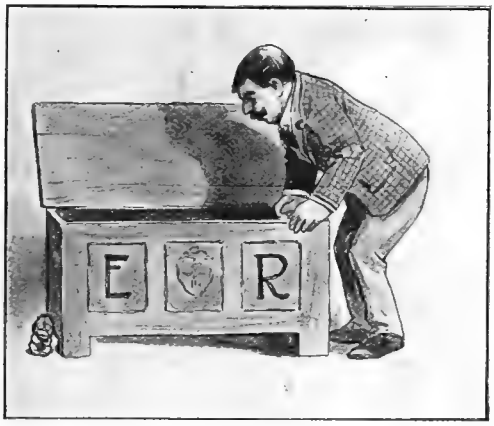

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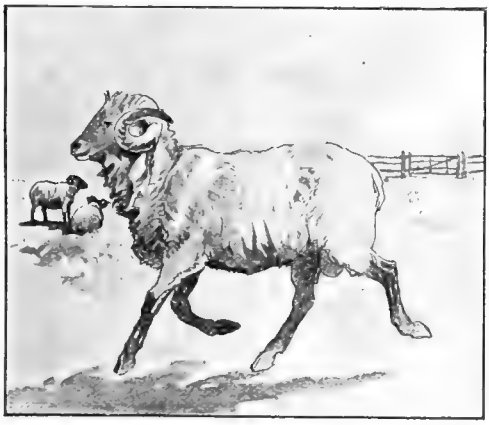

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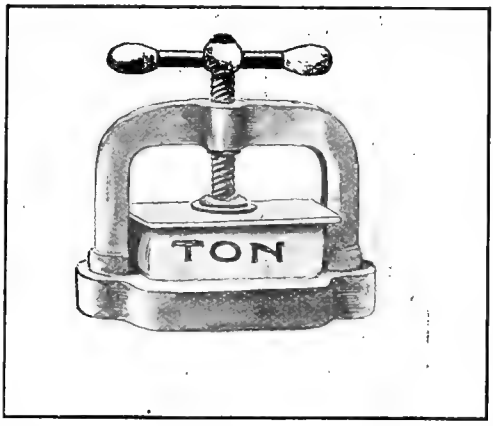

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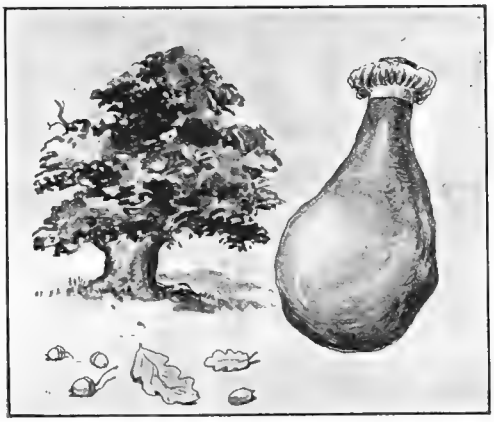

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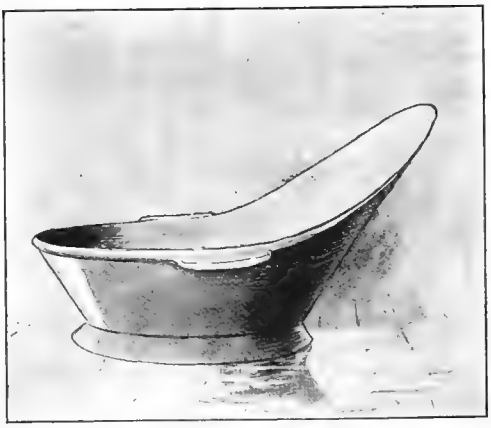

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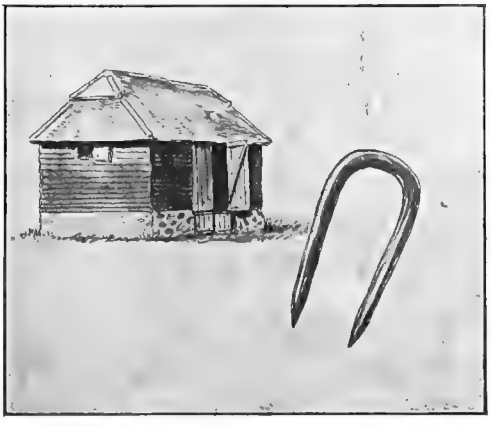

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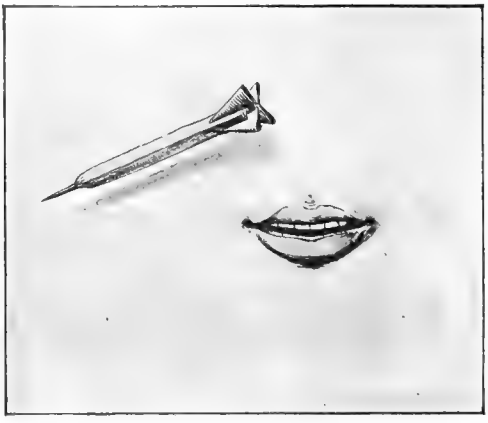

12. .....

Name..... *Address*.....

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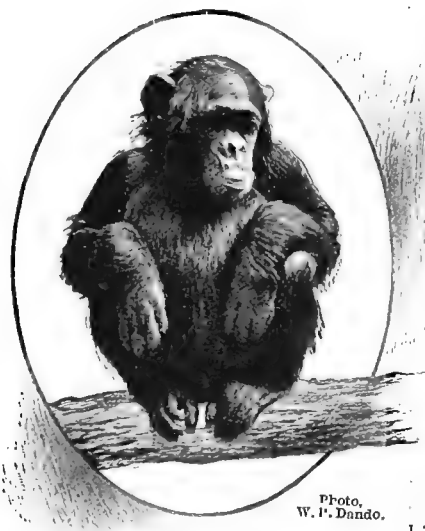

Photo, W. P. Dando.

MONKEY MICKEY

The Story of an Ape in the Zoo.

By Marcus Woodward.

If you were the most famous monkey alive in the world, would you not be just a little bit conceited? Then you must not blame Mickey if he is proud of himself, for Mickey is the cutest little monkey who ever swung up a tree-trunk; the most popular, perhaps, of all the creatures in the Zoo.

Mickey seems to know this, and proud indeed he is of his black, glossy coat, of his smooth, wise, somewhat wizened-looking little face, of his nice, long, clean hands and feet; and proud, too—enormously proud—of the attention he receives daily from the ladies and the gentlemen and the children who crowd before the barrier in front of his home. But he is prouder than anything of the tricks he has learned from his keepers.

You feel it quite an honour when Mickey condescends to shake hands with you, for he will only give his hand to his best friends, or to people to whom he takes a great liking; while if any common, rude, sight-seeing sort of person begins to make overtures, holding out a hand in a patronising way, he may hold it out for half an hour, and talk in the most blandishing style, and Mickey will take not the slightest notice.

Mickey shakes hands with his real friends in quite a delightful way. Just as likely as not he will poke one long foot through the wire in front of his house, and offer you that to grasp, instead of a hand—or sometimes he will offer you one foot and one hand, or sometimes, if he is very friendly, he will give you all his four hands at once—for his feet are really just the same as his paws.

In the ape-style, Mickey is very beautiful. When you come to examine him closely, it is surprising how alike he is to a human being. Like rational folk, he has no tail, and he walks nearly upright. He has nice calves to his legs, and human hands and feet—very long and slender, with ordinary nails, instead of claws, as in other animals—and his ears, though very big, and his eyes, which are very small and sharp, and his eye-lids and lips, you will find, are not so very different from your own.

Though he doesn't speak much, his tongue is like any other gentleman's, and, though he doesn't bother his head with deep thoughts, he has quite a fair-sized brain. Like you, he has thirty-two teeth, only his canine ones are very large. He has a smooth face and forehead, but thick whiskers. The palms of his hands are as long as his feet, and the toes as long as the fingers—all his palms are hairless, and well marked with lines, like yours, and there are tiny spiral lines on the tips of all his fingers.

Once a lady palmist came to visit Mickey, to read his character by the lines of his hands. She covered his hands and feet with some black stuff, and then took their impression on a white piece of paper. When she had studied the lines for a long while, she came to the conclusion that he was of a sweet and amiable disposition, fond of mischief, full of tricks, that he could climb well, would live long, would not marry—and many other things which anyone who knew Mickey would judge to be quite probable.

Mickey came to the Zoo, a baby monkey, more than four years ago, from where most

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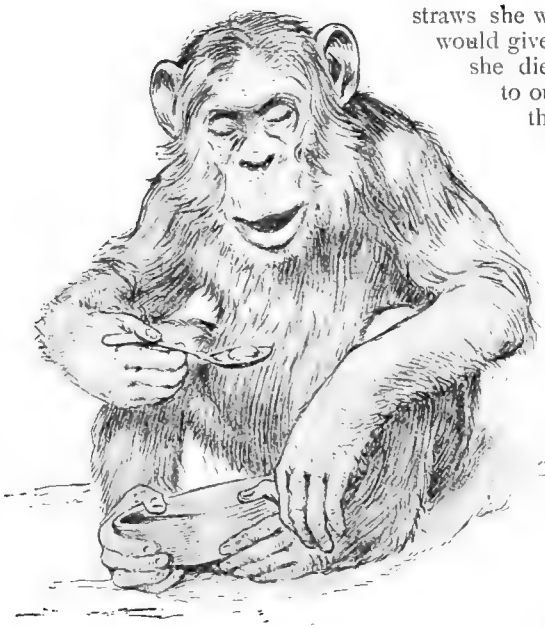

Mickey feeds himself with both hands, holding his bowl of steaming bread and milk with his feet the while.

of the captive monkeys hail—from the Gold Coast of Africa. A poor-looking, shivering, chattering monkey he was when his long sea-journey was ended, and he found himself at last in the Zoo. He was interested at once—and it is very doubtful if he ever now remembers his days of freedom, or thinks of what his life would be if he were climbing about the trees in his native woods.

He was put into a small cage, with plenty of straw, in a house always kept warm by hot-water pipes. Two very kind men waited on him throughout the day, and supplied everything he could want. There was plenty of hot bread and milk for him, and plenty of fun. His keepers were always ready for a romp, and almost all day long strange people kept dropping in to see and admire him—and so his life was in no way dull, and he was soon up to all manner of tricks. Ever since those days he has been a general pet.

He has made his reputation very fast—but you must know that everything he does suffers from invidious comparison, for people still remember Mickey's predecessor—the ape, Sallie. Now, Sallie was a very marvel among monkeys—she was brimful of cleverness and tricks, and her fame was almost world-wide.

She could count straws (up to six) like a human being. If you asked her for six straws she would give you six, if you asked for three she would give you three, rarely making a mistake. When she died—she was ever weak and never took kindly to our climate—there were many people who felt there was a big difference in life. Poor Sallie! She was a beautiful monkey, clever, winsome, affectionate. Mickey was really brought to the Zoo to take her place—and now he, too, is winning friends without end.

He had not been in his cage long before he was introduced to Daisy. She was a baby monkey, a little younger than him, and the two were brought up together. Very fond they were of each other, and pretty it was to see them playing together the live-long day, sporting in the straw, and hugging affectionately when they curled round to sleep in each other's arms. Mickey at last grew rather too big and rough for his little friend, and so, one sad day, they were separated.

There was another little lady monkey whom Mickey used to know very well—Bridget by name, who lived in a neighbouring cage. She was very delicate, and was always wrapped up in a warm flannel blanket. It was wonderful to see how fond she was of her blanket. If you took it away she would be utterly miserable, and when you returned it to her she would hug it and pat it with the utmost joy. She made a bosom friend of that old flannel blanket, and ever clutched it tightly around her until the day of her death.

Mickey was soon promoted from the little cage where he first lived to the fine, airy room wherein he now sports. The floor is deeply covered with clean straw, and when he has nothing else to do he hunts for the big cockroaches that crawl beneath. A trapeze hangs from the ceiling, on which he loves to swing himself when not engaged in entertaining his visitors, and there are three old tree-trunks for him to climb. Along the middle of the cage runs a partition, and he delights to perch himself on the top of this and to pull himself along the edge. The front of his room is shut in by a screen of open wire-work, and he loves to climb about on this, rushing from top to bottom, or clinging on tightly whilst he sways the whole thing back and forth. This he often does in temper.

When Mickey first entered this fine house there was a big orang-outang, named Oom Paul, next door to him. The two were very good friends, though the keepers took care

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that they should not get too close to each other; yet by stretching out their hands and arms through their respective wire screens they could at least enjoy a good shake and a warm morning greeting.

To-day Mickey is the only ape in the Zoo, and a very happy ape he is. He is utterly devoted to his keepers, as you may see by his joyous excitement and the happy look on his face when he hears their steps approaching, or when they call out from the door of the house "Hullo, Mickey, old boy!" Then he will jump on to the wire front of his cage and sway back and forth in tremendous happiness.

Three times a day Mickey is given his meals, and many dainties come his way at odd times in between. He has his breakfast at seven in the morning—often a steaming bowl of bread-and-milk or a good plate of porridge. He dines at three in the afternoon, perhaps on a bowl of soup, or some fruit—bananas and apples are his special joy—and he sups at seven in the evening. His diet is very varied, and he has an excellent appetite in consequence.

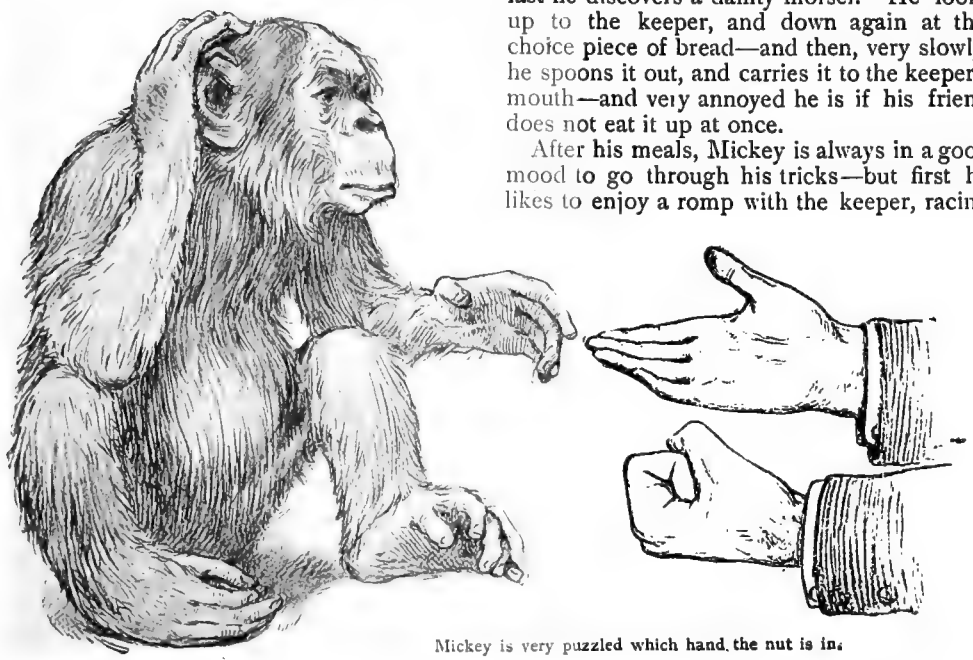
Mickey is extremely jealous, and there is a terrrible fuss if the keeper should feed one of the other animals in his house before him. When he is angry he chatters away most fiercely, clacking his teeth, and raising his upper lip. But the keeper calls out: "All right, Mickey, old boy, I've got the best for you." This pacifies him at once, and he begins to grunt, as he always does when well pleased, "Ouch-Ouch-Ouch." If the keeper said any other words, to be sure, he would be pacified equally well. It is the cheerful tone of the voice, full of promise of good things, that Mickey understands.

At last the keeper comes to Mickey's cage with a bowl of warm milk. He unlocks the door, and Mickey promptly throws one arm around his neck, hugging him affectionately, and taking the bowl of milk in the other hand. In the bowl is a spoon, and this he handles as gracefully as any lady.

The keeper sets him down at the door of his cage, so that he may drink his milk in comfort. Then you can judge what a great advantage Mickey has in possessing four hands. Of course, the hands at the end of his legs are not very useful for walking on—and when he walks, he always bends his fingers in, and rests his weight on his knuckles—but they are useful for holding anything like a bowl of milk. Squatting down comfortably, he grasps the bowl with both feet. Then he can feed himself with both hands, using one after the other, and dipping the spoon into the milk with a very pretty air.

Sometimes when there are little bits of bread in the milk, the keeper will say—"Give us a bit, Mickey." At once, Mickey stops eating, and very inquiringly peers in the bowl. At last he discovers a dainty morsel. He looks up to the keeper, and down again at this choice piece of bread—and then, very slowly, he spoons it out, and carries it to the keeper's mouth—and very annoyed he is if his friend does not eat it up at once.

After his meals, Mickey is always in a good mood to go through his tricks—but first he likes to enjoy a romp with the keeper, racing



Mickey is very puzzled which hand the nut is in.

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Mickey goes through his drill with the keeper's hat and stick.

up and down the cage, rolling in the straw, turning somersaults without end, or pretending to have a fierce fight—he can box very cleverly both with hands and feet. Mickey must be in a good temper or he will not perform—and he likes to have a large crowd around him to admire his cleverness.

The keeper breaks a banana into two pieces one large and one small, and holds them out in his hand. "Now Mickey," he says, "give one piece to this gentleman, and one to this lady. Which are you going to give to the gentleman?"

Mickey pretends to puzzle over this problem for a long while—(well knowing the old joke)—with his head first on one side and then on the other—at last, very carefully, he selects the small piece and hands it to the gentleman.

"Now, Mickey, old boy," says the keeper, "which piece are you going to give to the lady?"—and when Mickey picks up the large piece, and hands it over to the lady, the crowd cheer this courteous act, and the keeper says, "That's right, Mickey—the best for the ladies always;" and you are so pleased with Mickey's cuteness you don't stop to think that the large piece was the only one left for the lady, while Mickey, delighted at the cheers, bounces off and turns somersaults from end to end of the cage.

"Come here, you little rascal," calls the keeper, holding out two hands, in one of which he has placed a large nut, "come on now, choose which hand you will have."

Mickey sits down, thinking this out, a very puzzled look on his face. At last he touches one of the hands—it proves to be empty—and "Ha, ha, ha," jeers the keeper, mercilessly, "you've lost the nut." Poor Mickey looks very crestfallen—but he is mightily jubilant if he should choose right, and then he, in his turn, jeers and mocks at his friend in his own peculiar way.

Then the keeper will lend Mickey his watch, which he puts to his ear to hear the wheels go round, with all the wisdom of the wise on his face. Or the keeper picks up a straw, and says he would like to wear it in his button-hole, and Mickey, after first putting it into his mouth, to turn it the right way, will cleverly ram the stalk into the little hole. Or the keeper points to a hole in the wooden door, through which Mickey loves to poke a straw, thinking it a fine game to push it through and pull it back before the keeper can catch it.

"Look out, Mickey! Here's a cockroach!"

Mickey jumps as for his life, springing on to the wire and looking down with anxious fear in his eyes, for he abhors cockroaches. Then ensues a long hunt in the straw for the brown-bodied creature, which, when found, Mickey prods mercilessly, but nothing would induce him to eat it.

"Now, Mickey," cries the keeper, "Attention! Shoulder arms!"

Mickey puts the keeper's cap jauntily on one side of his head, and if someone will lend him a stick he will hold it up bravely over his right shoulder; failing this, a long straw will serve for sword. Or the keeper will say, "Now, Mickey, it's time to go to bed—you must say your prayers," and Mickey will promptly put on a very serious expression, and, clasping his hands, will hold them to his face in devout attitude.

"Good-bye, Mickey, I'm off."

The keeper pretends to shut the door of Mickey's cage, and starts to go. This throws him into a terrible state; he springs to the wire, shakes it violently, clacks his teeth, and does everything to call the keeper back. So he returns for one more game. He pretends to be chasing Mickey to give him a good beating, and Mickey leads him a fine dance up and down the cage, springing up the tree-trunks and on to the trapeze, or leaping high out of reach on to the wire-

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work, never coming down until the keeper merrily climbs up after him.

Nothing will now satisfy Mickey until he has safely locked the door of his cage with the keeper's key. This is a clever trick, and Mickey always does it in the same way. When the keeper hands him a key he always promptly puts it into his mouth, with only the handle protruding. Then he can grasp the handle without difficulty, and you will seldom see him make more than one shot for the key-hole. He fits the key into the lock with far more skill than many a mere man would show.

At last the keeper tears himself away, and Mickey is left disconsolate. He seizes a handful of straw and throws it through the bars with a disgusted air. If this act does not call the keeper back, at least it amuses him to see the people around stoop to pick up the straw. Mickey always seems to make strangers amuse him when he has been through his tricks, and finds life dull without the presence of his friends the keepers. If you give him anything he is just as likely as not to throw it on to the ground at once—for the fun of seeing you pick it up.

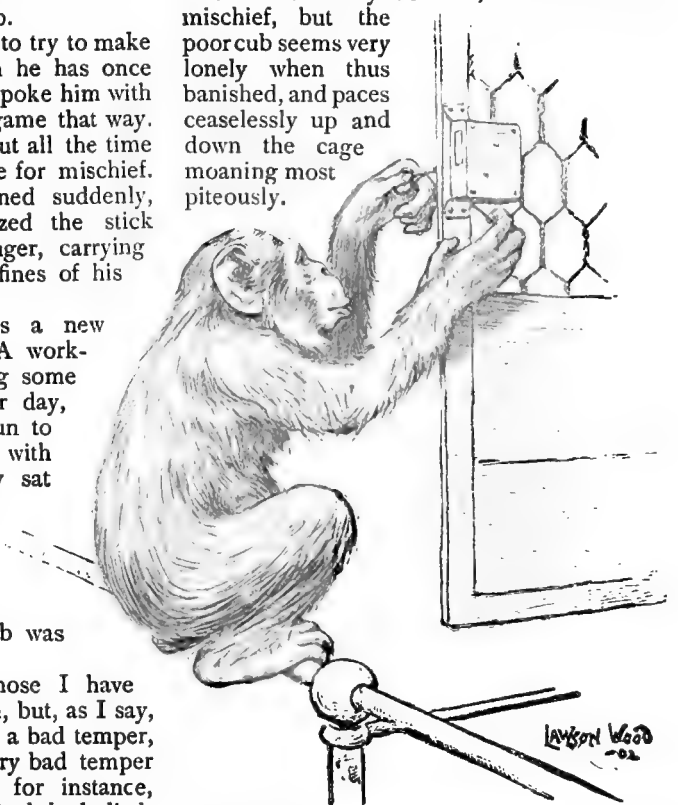
It is of little use for anyone to try to make Mickey show off again when he has once been through his tricks. You poke him with your stick and try to get up a game that way. He turns his back on you. But all the time he is very sly, and has an eye for mischief. Often and often he has turned suddenly, when thus provoked, and seized the stick of some rude, prodding stranger, carrying it away in triumph to the confines of his cage.

Mickey sometimes invents a new game on his own account. A workman was engaged in mending some breaches in his cage the other day, and Mickey thought it fine fun to assist. The man trusted him with his wire tweezers, and Mickey sat gravely superintending his operations, handing over the tweezers when they were asked for, and thinking no end of his own importance. Mickey was sorry when the job was done.

Many more tricks like those I have described can Mickey perform, but, as I say, he will never show off when in a bad temper, and sometimes he is in a very bad temper indeed. A little while back, for instance, soon after his friend, Oom Paul, had died, there came to the empty cage next to Mickey's four lion cubs. Two of these cubs had come from Abyssinia—from the court of King Menelik, who had presented them to King Edward—and all four were very beautiful animals, with their pretty sandy coats, long graceful legs, and shaggy heads and manes.

Of course, everyone knew about the young lions, for all the papers described their beauty. These were consequently sad days for Mickey, and he hated the young lions as he hated nothing else in the world—for crowds of people every day flocked at this time to admire the cubs—giving them nearly all their attention, and sparing very little for Mickey. He utterly refused to perform his usual tricks, and would hardly eat his food. He was the most jealous animal in all the Zoo, and he just hated life.

But now the four sandy cubs have gone to the lion house, and so Mickey's spirits have returned. Only now and again one, suffering from a cold or the like, is separated from the others, and is brought back to the empty cage. This does not affect Mickey, who is as merry as ever, and as full of mischief, but the poor cub seems very lonely when thus banished, and paces ceaselessly up and down the cage moaning most piteously.



Mickey prefers to lock up his own front door himself before going to bed.

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But Mickey is nearly always merry—though day after day, for the last four years, he has passed his time in almost precisely the same way—playing with his kind keepers, eating his three meals, entertaining the public with his tricks, and sleeping soundly all through the nights. And, after all, this is very much the same sort of life as many people lead.

One day two fine gentlemen, glittering with jewels, came and stood before Mickey's cage whilst he was engaged with his usual romp with his keeper. They watched the fun for a long while, seeing Mickey shoulder arms, fit the key into the lock, turn somersaults, shake hands, guess for nuts, and perform all his clever tricks, and then one turned to the other and said: "Well, if that isn't the cutest monkey in England!"

"He's worth money," said the other. "Wouldn't he tickle the country people? Suppose we offer the Zoo people £500 for him?"

"£500," said his friend, "why, he's worth every penny of £1000! Let's go and see if they will sell him."

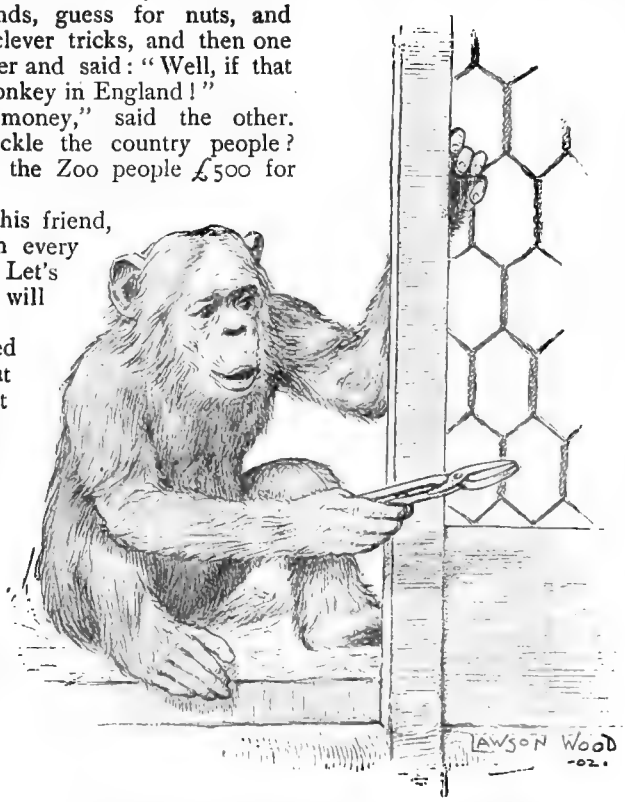
Mickey watched the two men go out with the funniest look on his face, a look as much as to say "Well, there! I never heard such an idea in all my life! Buy me for a thousand pounds and exhibit me to country people in a common show! Well, I never did!" Then he looked at his keeper, and they both burst into laughter at the astonishingly ridiculous idea.

"Wouldn't they like to buy you for a thousand pounds, Mickey dear," cried the keeper. "Oh! Mickey, Mickey, we wouldn't sell you for a million," and they hugged each other till the tears fairly rolled from their eyes.

It is needless to say that when these two bejewelled gentlemen—showmen were they—sought out the Secretary of the Zoo, and made a formal offer of one thousand pounds for the ape, Mickey, they were promptly shown the door. Mickey's worth is beyond price.

Mickey has been photographed many hundred of times by all sorts and shades of people—and he can pose very prettily when he chooses. What with sight-seeing people, and wise scientific people, and cranks, and bumpkins, and palmists, and photographers, and artists, and sculptors, he can pass his time very happily with his visitors.

But the joyous, romping, free-and-easy days in the old home are numbered for Mickey. Not that he is growing tired of life in captivity, or that he is not in the best of health and spirits—but simply because they have built a fine new red and white "Ape House" in the Zoo, with four handsome roomy cages (though, to be sure, Mickey is the only ape in the gardens at present), each with a great sheet of plate-glass in at both ends of it, instead of the old-fashioned wire-screen, and with plenty of room for a large crowd of people to gather to watch Mickey's tricks. But doubtless, as soon as he enters this proud and dignified home, our merry Mickey will become so proud and dignified himself that we shall hardly know him. Yet I suspect he will always find enough mischief to keep himself amused.



Mickey handles the wire cutters with great skill, and personally superintends any repairs that may be made to his house.

Our thanks are due to Mr. Walter P. Dando, F.Z.S., the eminent animal photographer, for his kind assistance in the preparation of this character-sketch of his friend, Monkey Mickey. Our sketches are partly drawn from some of Mr. Dando's excellent studies of Mickey, one of which is reproduced in the head-piece.

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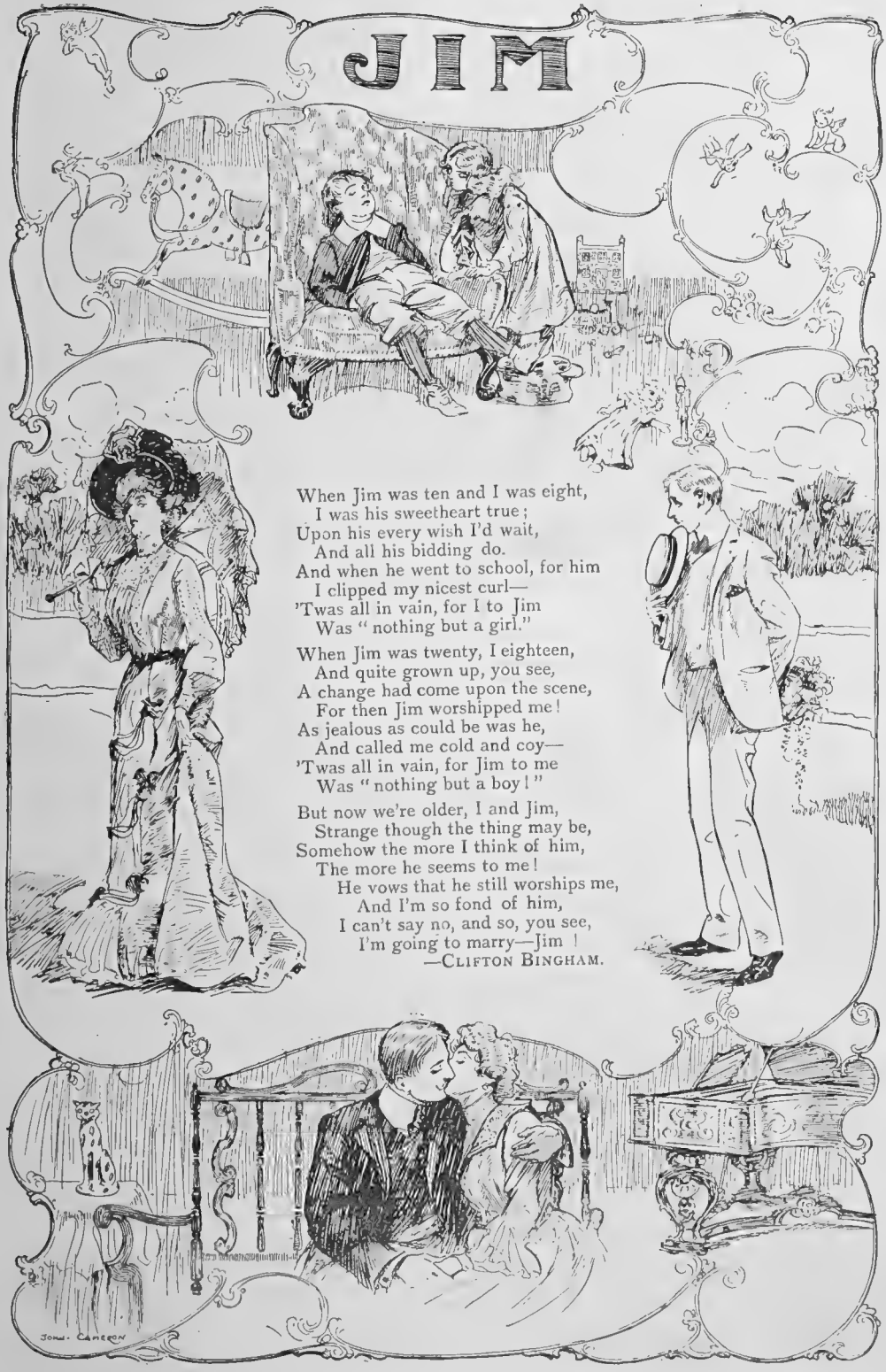
JIM



When Jim was ten and I was eight,
I was his sweetheart true;
Upon his every wish I'd wait,
And all his bidding do.
And when he went to school, for him
I clipped my nicest curl—
'Twas all in vain, for I to Jim
Was "nothing but a girl."

When Jim was twenty, I eighteen,
And quite grown up, you see,
A change had come upon the scene,
For then Jim worshipped me!
As jealous as could be was he,
And called me cold and coy—
'Twas all in vain, for Jim to me
Was "nothing but a boy!"

But now we're older, I and Jim,
Strange though the thing may be,
Somehow the more I think of him,
The more he seems to me!
He vows that he still worships me,
And I'm so fond of him,
I can't say no, and so, you see,
I'm going to marry—Jim!

—CLIFTON BINGHAM.

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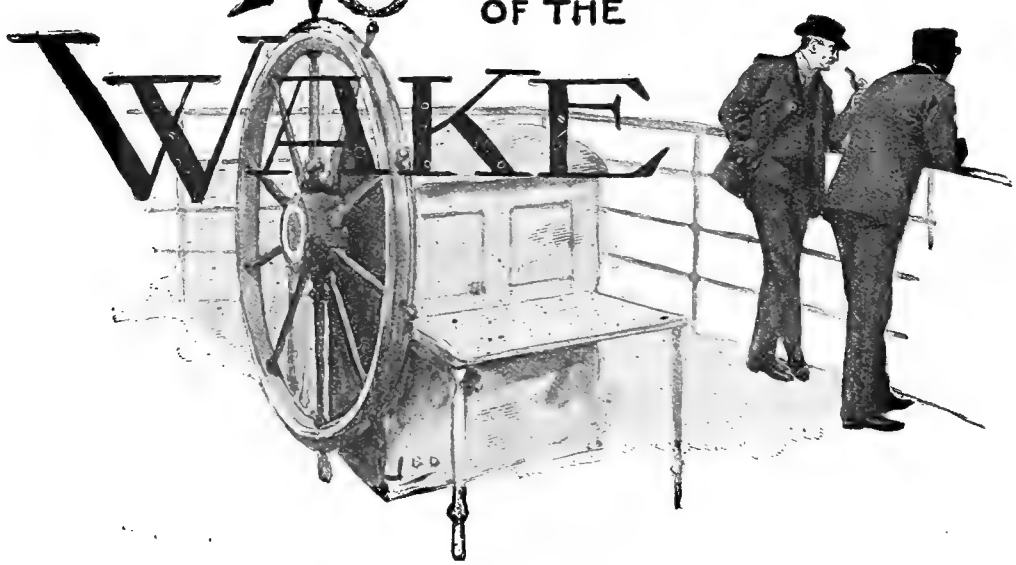
THE FASCINATION OF THE WAKE



By Arthur Brebner.

The Channel on a summer afternoon, the sun sparkling on the blue waters, the very air as crisp as wine; surely such conditions would make even a misanthrope doubt whether he had read the world aright.

"You'll soon pick up if the weather keeps on like this, Mr. Lyttleton," said Captain Hawkins, as he leant over the rail beside me.

"I feel a new man already," I replied.

The *Four Winds* was a large barque bound from London to Callao with a general cargo, and from thence to the Islands of the Pacific on copra trading bent. Well found, well cared for, and her crew English to a man, she was very different to the majority of ships that sail the seas in these days of "cheese-paring" and foreign sailors.

I was the only passenger, and was taking a voyage for the sake of my health, which, after a period of prolonged business anxiety, had completely broken down; my eyesight began to fail, my hand trembled whenever I took up pen to write. I was unable even to think connectedly or remember names and faces. Evidently it was high time for me to give up business for a few months before things got worse.

The skipper was a fine figure of a man. Strong, alert, active, he carried himself like one of thirty, though nearly double that age. Somewhat of a disciplinarian but always just, he enjoyed the confidence, if not the love, of every man on the ship. Powell, the mate, was of a very different type; moody, discontented, morose, he was for ever anathematising ships, sailors, and the sea; full of troubles; full of complaints, and a growler. I took good care to avoid his company as much as possible.

Rawson, the second, was my particular chum; I conceived a fancy for him from the very first. Big and burly, with peculiarly sleepy eyes, he soon began to exercise a fascination over me which I tried in vain to account for. Highly educated, widely read, far travelled, his conversation was an intellectual treat, very surprising to find in one who had followed the sea from boyhood.

One night after dinner we were leaning over the taffrail together. The breeze was light; the wake streamed lazily astern; we were scarcely doing two knots. Conversation, under the mysterious influence of night, had died a natural death; we stood there silently smoking and watching the dark

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waters and bright sparks of phosphorescence that occurred from time to time.

"The wake always fascinates me," he exclaimed suddenly.

I looked at him curiously.

"How so?" I asked.

"Oh, I don't know, but the eddying waters streaming away and away to the dim horizon seem to me like a beckoning finger. If ever I committed suicide, it would be over the stern, especially at night—especially at night."

"You have curious views," said I.

"Curious," he answered petulantly; "it is you that are curious. That ever a man should become so hidebound as to call anything commonplace is more than I can understand. Nothing is commonplace or ever will be. The terror of Space, the terror of Time, the terror of Life and Death; these are always with us. But there goes eight bells. Good night."

So saying, he turned abruptly on his heel and disappeared down the companion ladder, leaving me to wonder at his words.

One voyage is much like another, one day much like another; they pass as they do in dreamland. The eternal circle of sea and sky shuts out all intercourse. Humanity in general retreats to an immense distance, and all one's interests are contracted. Trifling events acquire an undue prominence; a sail on the horizon is a thing to be talked about, dinner becomes an important item, and small differences are apt to develope into serious quarrels.

All went well until after we had left Callao. Then began a series of occurrences which turned this peaceful trading vessel into a place of horror.

One night the boatswain went overboard and was drowned. As far as could be gathered, it happened just after twelve o'clock had been struck, or in sea parlance, "eight bells." The second mate was the last to see him. He had just come up from his watch below and noticed the boatswain leaning over the rail, but thought nothing of it at the time. No reason could be assigned; the night was calm, accident was out of the question. Clearly it was a case of suicide, although no motive could be found.

Naturally it cast a great gloom over the ship. The dead sailor was universally liked, and I noticed that during the day little knots of men would gather together to discuss the event in awed undertones. As for myself, I could do nothing but lean over the rail and brood upon the terror of the sea.

Rawson, as was his wont, came into my cabin that night after dinner. We sat some time in silence.

"Have a peg," said I, bringing out the whiskey bottle.

"Well, it's a bad habit, but I'll have one before I turn in. Thanks. That's enough. Plenty of water."

"Sad thing this about the boatswain," said I, after a pause.

"Yes, it is."

"Was there any reason why he should have committed suicide?"

"Suicide?" said he, with just the slightest lilt of the eyebrows.

I looked at him furtively.

"What do you mean?"

"Oh, nothing," he replied, blowing rings of smoke out of his mouth and watching them meditatively.

"Come, Rawson," said I irritably, "you do mean something."

"The least said the soonest mended."

"You can trust me."

"Well, then, to tell you the cold drawn truth, I don't think it was suicide at all."

"What, then?"

"Murder."

"Murder," I cried aghast, "murder! Whatever makes you think that?"

He shrugged his shoulders, but said nothing.

"Do you suspect anyone?" I asked in a whisper.

"Well," he answered slowly, as if weighing every word, "I do. One cannot be certain, of course. At any rate, I must watch. But it is time to turn in now," he continued, looking at his watch, "and—not a word of this to anyone."

After he had gone I glanced fearfully around the room. Murder!—the idea had never even crossed my mind. Murder!—the most dreadful of all crimes.

I racked my brains trying to think who it was that Rawson suspected. I tossed from side to side in my bunk, my mind was in a whirl, and fearful visions, waking nightmares, terrified me. Sleep was out of the question, so, slipping on my coat, I stepped out on deck.

The night was dark and cloudy, the waters black as ink, and light airs, coming from one knew not where, whispered mournful nothings in the shrouds. Making my way aft, I leant over the taffrail and watched the phosphorescence which sparkled into sudden brilliance as the vessel rolled uneasily from side to side. I must have been standing thus for quite half-an-hour, lost in dreamy

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speculation, when suddenly I heard a light footfall behind me. I turned round sharply, and there, standing not a yard off, was Powell, the mate.

"I'm afraid I startled you, Mr. Lyttleton," said he laughing uneasily, as I thought.

"What are you doing up at this time of night?" I cried. "You are still on the morning watch, aren't you?"

"Yes, but I couldn't get to sleep, so thought I would take a turn on deck."

"Well, it's the same with me," I answered. "I've been tossing about for the last four hours."

"I cannot get the boatswain out of my mind," said he. "He was a married man."

"Married?"

"Yes, with three young children, all girls."

"What will become of them?"

"Heaven knows."

We smoked for some time in silence. The grimness of it all—and the pity of it—oppressed me like a leaden weight.

"What made him commit suicide, think you?" I asked at length.

He laughed a loud, harsh, discordant laugh that affronted the very ear of night."

"Why, look you," said he bitterly, "suicide is the only end for those that follow the sea."

"Oh, you are morbid, I know."

"Not at all. Now, take my own case, for instance. Here have I been married twenty years, and during all that time have not seen my wife a year altogether. We are comparative strangers."

"But there are compensations, surely. The life is healthy. You see the world."

"Who wants to see the world?" he rejoined savagely. "One port is like another, one sea is like another, one mountain like another, and there is no fool like a travelled fool. Give me a house and two hundred a year, and I shouldn't wish to walk a mile from home for the rest of my life."

"Ah, so you say now; but you would soon get tired of it."

"Well, I only wish somebody would try me."

"No man is ever contented. But talking about the boatswain again, I see no reason why he should have committed suicide. He was a smart man and seemed happy enough. Perhaps," I added, "it was not suicide."

The mate started and put his hand on my arm. I could feel it tremble.

"What else?" he asked, in such a hollow tone that I turned round and looked at him in surprise.

"Perhaps it was murder."

The hand on my arm trembled yet more violently, his teeth chattered. I thought he was about to sink to his knees.

"What is the matter?" I cried.

"No, no, not murder, it must have been suicide I tell you, suicide!"

And without another word he turned on his heel and slunk away into the darkness.

Next morning I was aroused by the tramping of feet on the deck above. I met Rawson in the alley way.

"Another man overboard," said he.

"Another?" I gasped.

"Yes."

"When was he last seen?"

"Aft here, about two o'clock this morning. It was his watch on deck."

"Come into my cabin," said I, "and tell me all about it."

He sat down on the settee, his face as pale as milk. I poured him out some brandy which he swallowed at a gulp.

"There is nothing more to tell—that's all I know about it. He had been in the Company for years, and was a hard-working, respectable man, without an enemy in the world as far as I know."

"Was it suicide?"

"Suicide—no. Murder—rank murder. There is frightful work going on aboard this ship."

"I have been thinking over what you said last night," said I, after a pause.

"Well?"

"And have come to the same conclusion."

"What, do you suspect anyone?"

"Well—yes, I do. But it will be as well to keep our suspicions to ourselves."

"I don't know," he answered slowly. "The matter is getting serious. We may be the next to succumb to the fascination of the wake."

"He puffed at his pipe meditatively. There was the same odd, sleepy look in his eyes that I had noticed before.

"The fascination of the wake," said I petulantly. "It's always the fascination of the wake. What is there fascinating about the wake, I should like to know? Tell me who you suspect."

"The skipper."

"Captain Hawkins!" I cried. "What on earth makes you suspect him? What possible motive could he have?"

"I don't know; but a straw serves to show which quarter the wind is in, and

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"In my opinion both the boatswain and this man were assassinated."

one or two little things have occurred. But tell me, who do you suspect?"

"The mate," I answered bluntly.

"The mate Powell? Oh, impossible."

"Well, of course, like yours, it is only a suspicion. I have no proofs."

"But your reasons—what makes you think of Powell?"

I recounted in detail the events of the night before, the stealthy way in which he had crept up behind me, and his peculiar agitation. Rawson listened attentively and gave vent to a low whistle when I had finished.

"Yes, his conduct was certainly strange, but we shall see what we shall see."

After breakfast a message came from the Captain asking Powell, Rawson and myself to go to his cabin. We found him sitting at the table, his face very white and stern.

"Lock that door," said he.

Powell did so, and we all sat down.

"I have called you in," he continued. "to talk about that last accident we had last night. I say accident advisedly, but personally I do not think it was an accident. In my opinion both the boatswain and this man were assassinated."

We looked at one another; the statement was bald, even brutal.

"If this man is guilty," thought I, "I'll never believe in a human face again. Rawson must surely be mistaken."

"But what possible motive could there be in murdering those two, and those two alone?"

"That's what I have called you all in here for. Only two have been murdered *at present.*"

"At present?" gasped the mate.

"Yes, at present. Two purposeless murders have, as I think, been committed. One has heard of epidemics of suicide? May there not be such a thing as an epidemic of murder?"

"Perhaps the wake fascinates them," said Rawson.

"The what?"

"The wake. The wake of the ship. One has heard of cases where people have felt compelled to throw themselves from the stern of the ship."

"Nonsense," said the skipper. "They were both cases of murder, rank, bloody murder. None of us are safe. Now, Mr. Lyttleton," he continued, turning sharply round upon me, "have you suspected anyone?"

This was a poser with a vengeance, con-

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When he had attempted to throw Charles Rawson into the sea.

sidering the very man I suspected was sitting next to me.

"No," I answered, with as steady a voice as I could command.

"Ah, well, I have. Now, you, Mr. Rawson, has it struck you in the same light? Has it occurred to you that these are not cases of suicide, but murder; and, if so, have you got any idea as to the culprit?"

I glanced at Rawson, wondering what he would say.

"Captain Hawkins," said he, looking the skipper between the eyes, "I feel certain that these are not cases of suicide, and—I do suspect someone."

"Whom do you suspect?"

"It is a serious thing to utter a charge like this until one has definite ground to go upon. I would rather not mention names till I have better proof."

"Perhaps you are right; it is just as well to be cautious, but I don't mind telling you that the facts of the case point to one man, and one man alone."

"Who is that?" asked Powell.

His face was so pale, his manner so agitated, and he was altogether so ill at ease that I could not help wondering that the others failed to notice it.

"Who is that?" he reiterated.

"Browning," answered the skipper, in a low voice.

Now Browning was the third, a quiet, hard-working, studious young fellow, spending all his spare time in the study of navigation, and evidently an enthusiast in his profession. But the Captain held different views.

"It isn't natural for a young man to work like he does," said he; "it isn't natural for a young fellow to be so silent and reserved. I like a junior to be respectful, but, hang it, he never says a word at meals or anywhere else, he speaks to no one, and never does wrong. I don't like a young fellow like that, give me a spice of the devil say I—they're the better men. Anyway," he continued, rising and knocking the ashes out of his pipe, "we must keep our eyes open, and mind, all of you, not a word of what has passed."

Now comes a time which makes me shudder, even as I write of it. The night following another of the hands went overboard in the same unexplained way, then there was an interval of two days, then two

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more disappeared. We went about as men sentenced to death, and for the most part silent. Double watches were kept, but all of no avail, for morning after morning men were found to be missing, and still no one saw them go overboard, and still no assassin could be found.

My days were nightmares, and my nights frightful beyond words. I slept with a six-chambered revolver always at my bed head, and was continually starting at the slightest sound. One night I heard the latch of my door turn. I had turned the oil lamp out, but grasping my revolver, I waited in breathless silence. Presently I felt a light draught of air on my face. and straining my eyes in the gloom could just discern a dim shadow.

"Who's that?" I cried.

There was not a sound save the soft lapping of the water at the side of the ship.

"Stand, or I fire!" I screamed.

It was the first time I had shot at a human being. My finger trembled as I pulled the trigger. At last I managed it, and the sound awoke the echoes. Jumping out of my bunk I made for the door; it was open, but sign of human being there was none. Out in the alley-way all was still and silent, and the lamp in the saloon swung fitfully to and fro. I re-entered my room and struck a match; all the chambers of my revolver were loaded; I had evidently been dre ming.

Next morning I told I wson of my curious experience.

"What time was it?" he asked.

"About midnight."

"Well another man is missing, and he was last seen just before midnight."

"That is curious."

"Yes, it is somewhat of a coincidence," said he.

Now it was that I began to have my suspicions more than strengthened against the mate. In the first place he pretended sickness, kept obstinately to his bunk, and evinced such a state of nervous terror every time anyone entered his room that I was more than ever convinced that he was the guilty one. One night I met him in the alley-way; his face was blanched and he slunk past me like a hunted animal. I called to him, but he took no notice, and when I tried to stop him he rushed into his cabin and bolted the door. The next day after breakfast I communicated all my suspicions to the Captain. He listened courteously but poohpoohed the idea of the mate having anything to do with it.

"He is morbid and unhappy I know, and badly frightened at the things which have happened, but—he's not the man. I know the man—Browning's the man, and I shall put him in irons to-morrow."

But poor Browning was never put in irons, for he was the one that disappeared that night. . . .

Feb. 2nd. Things worse than ever—only seven men left.

Feb. 4th. I have been awake for three nights and days. Oh! when will it end?

Feb. 7th. How long, Oh, how long? I am writing this at midnight. Every breath of air in the shrouds seems to be his footstep. The depth and the terror of the sea! Every creaking of the ship's timber is the gritting of his teeth. Oh! the horror of the sea and the fascination of the wake. . . .

* * * * *

Extract from log of the schooner *Seagull* of San Francisco, appended to above narrative.

Feb. 8th, 18—. This day, at 1.35 p.m., Lat. 15.2 S., Long. 165.4 W., sighted large barque flying signals of distress. Lowered a boat and boarded. She proved to be the *Four Winds*, of London, bound from Callao to Vito Levu, 55 days out; cargo, general; master, William Hawkins (of London), who made the statement that everyone on board except the mate (John Powell, of Hull), the second mate (Charles Rawson, of Whitby), and himself, had been assassinated by a passenger named James Bowlby Lyttleton, a stockbroker, of London, who was taking the voyage for his health. That first the bo'sun, and subsequently the crew, one by one, disappeared over the side, and, as far as could be ascertained, from the stern of the vessel. That nobody had suspected him until the night before, when he had attempted to throw Charles Rawson into the sea, and was prevented only with difficulty, and put in irons. On taking the said James Bowlby Lyttleton on board the *Seagull*, he made a desperate attempt to throw himself overboard, afterwards volunteering the statement that the fascination of the wake had compelled him to commit the murders. Placed six A. B's. on board the *Four Winds* and proceeded.

Signed: Edward Twiss (Master).

Francis K. Bean (Mate).

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As Like As Two Peas

Some remarkable Likenesses between various Men of Note.

By G. Western.

Illustrated with Photographs.

Photo by W. & D. Downey.

The Tsar and the Prince of Wales.

Likenesses between various individuals may be the result of various causes. They seem to group themselves, though, of course, no general line can be drawn, into about three general headings—family likenesses, perhaps the greatest link of all; likenesses which are the outcome of an adoption of the same trade, profession, or calling, and, finally, likenesses for which no apparent reason can be given, where there is no family tie and the work of the men is widely different. These last can only be attributed to accident.

Of family likenesses one could write many pages with numerous examples. Perhaps the most prominent of these is the resemblance between the Prince of Wales and his first cousin, the Tsar. There is, of course, a very strong likeness running through all the related members of the several European Royal houses, but no examples are so strong as this one.

Another interesting example of family resemblance is that between the Secretary of State for the Colonies and his son, Mr. Austen Chamberlain. Although one might not be surprised at the great likeness between these two distinguished politicians in face and form, accentuated in both cases by the wearing of an eyeglass, yet to this is added a marked

Photo by Russell & Sons. Photo by London Stereoscopic Co. Photo by Arthur Weston.

Mr. Chamberlain and his son, Mr. Austen Chamberlain, are extraordinarily alike, and Mr. Harrison Hill, the well-known entertainer, resembles both.

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Mr. Arthur Roberts has often been mistaken—

—for Mr. John Hare, the celebrated comedian.

Sir Lawrence Alma-Tadema and his double—

—the late Mr. George Du Maurier.

Lord George Hamilton, whose resemblance to—

—Mr. J. Roche, M.P., is extraordinary.

Photos: Mr. Arthur Roberts, Mr. John Hare, and Sir Lawrence Alma-Tadema, by London Stereoscopic Co.; the late Mr. George Du Maurier and Lord George Hamilton, by Elliott & Fry; Mr. J. Roche, M.P., by Russell & Sons.

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Photos by London Stereoscopic Co. and Albert Sachs

Lord Balfour of Burleigh and Mr. Mark Oldroyd, the late member for Dewsbury, are very much alike.

similarity in voice, style of address and delivery. All these points have been the favourite theme of caricaturists and political satirists times out of number.

The next point to discuss is the general resemblance between members of certain callings. The navy has one face and one bearing, the army, too. A party of bluejackets on shore at Portsmouth are all curiously alike; you can hardly tell them apart. You cross the nearest barrack square and watch a squad of "Tommies" at drill. It is really difficult to distinguish one from the other.

Again the members of the histrionic art are extraordinarily alike. In fact, it is quite common to hear, in answer to a question as to what such and such an actor is like, "Oh—like all actors."

Look what a resemblance there is between the popular Mr. Arthur Roberts and that past master of comedy, Mr. John Hare. Both are typical examples of the modern actor, well groomed and well dressed, and with the general appearance far pleasanter than the proverbial and happily obsolete style of actor with soft felt hat, long hair, and generally dishevelled appearance.

Now go down the Strand and enter that magnificent pile, the Law Courts. Look along the line of learned King's counsel and barristers-at-law. You notice the same firm mouth,

Photo by Elliott & Fry.

Mr. Anthony Hope, the celebrated novelist—

Photo by Elliott & Fry.

—strongly resembles the charming composer, Mr. Edward German.

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the keen, clear eye, and the broad forehead. All are alike, the resemblance strengthened by the fact that all are bewigged and gowned similarly.

Amongst painters we give as examples the resemblance between Sir Lawrence Alma Tadema and the late Mr. George du Maurier, of *Punch* and "Trilby" fame. It may be interesting to remember that, in their early youth, these two men, afterwards to astonish the world of art by their paintings and drawings, were fellow-students together in Switzerland. Of these two illustrious artists a delightful story is told. A lady, addressing Mr. Du Maurier, said: "Oh, Mr. Tadema, don't you think it absurd of people to call you the double of Du Maurier? I should never be deceived."

"No?" replied the author

The resemblance between Professor Stuart and Mr. Stanley Weyman (the latter wears the monocle) is famous.

Photos by Elliott & Fry.

of "Trilby," "perhaps not. By the way, I am Du Maurier."

To the third of our lists, the "accident ward," must be assigned the wonderful similitude between Lord George Hamilton and Mr. J. Roche, M.P. It may, indeed, without exaggeration be said that the Member for East Galway is the double of Lord George Hamilton and *vice versâ*.

Photo by Hills & Saunders.

—the late Sir John Stainer, the composer, resemble each other closely.

Photo by Elliott & Fry.

The late Mr. Cecil Rhodes and

The case of politicians resembling each other can hardly come under the heading of professional likenesses, as the various callings of our representatives in Parliament differ so much from each other, that the facial effect of the House must be obliterated. Lord Balfour of Burleigh and Mr. Mark Oldroyd, late Member for Dewsbury, in which busy manufacturing town he has

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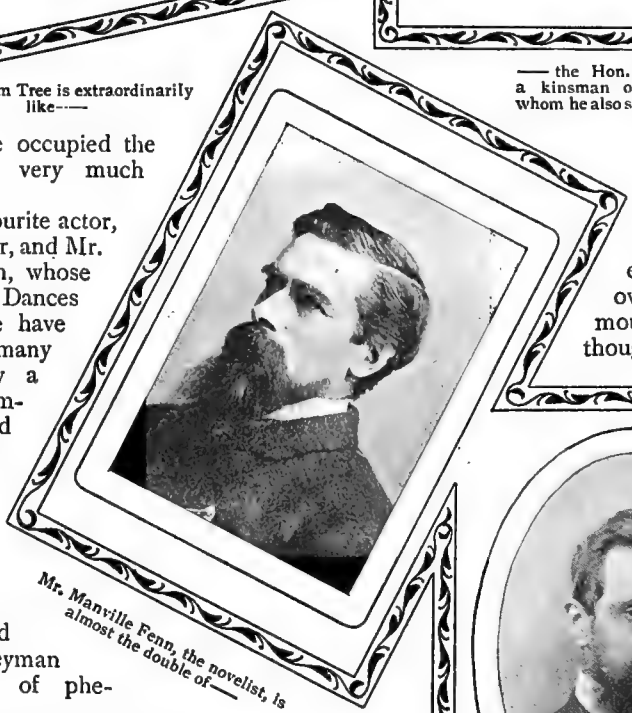
Mr. Beerbohm Tree is extraordinarily like——

—— the Hon. Philip Stanhope, a kinsman of Lord Rosebery, whom he also strongly resembles.

more than once occupied the Mayoralty, are very much alike.

The very favourite actor, Mr. Lewis Waller, and Mr. Edward German, whose Henry VIII. Dances and Gipsy Suite have delighted so many audiences, show a strong resemblance, and curiously like these two is Mr. Anthony Hope Hawkins. The likeness between Professor Stuart and Mr. Stanley Weyman is little short of phenomenal.



Mr. Manville Fenn, the novelist, is almost the double of——

No two lives could have been more different than those of the late Sir John Stainer and the Rt. Hon. Cecil Rhodes; the one spending his life in the midst of the musical world, a world essentially of peace, and in the cultivation of not the least of our fine arts, the other, ever on his feet, ever up and doing, planning first one thing, then another, building up great schemes, only to be overshadowed by greater ones of his own construction—an Empire Maker indeed. And yet there is a marked similarity in the faces of these two men, each leader in his own world, each at the top of his own tree. Their mouths are very similar, though that of Sir John

——the Duke of Norfolk.

Photos: Mr. Beerbohm Tree, by Ellis & Walery the Hon Philip Stanhope, Mr. Manville Fenn, and the Duke of Norfolk, by Elliott & Fry.

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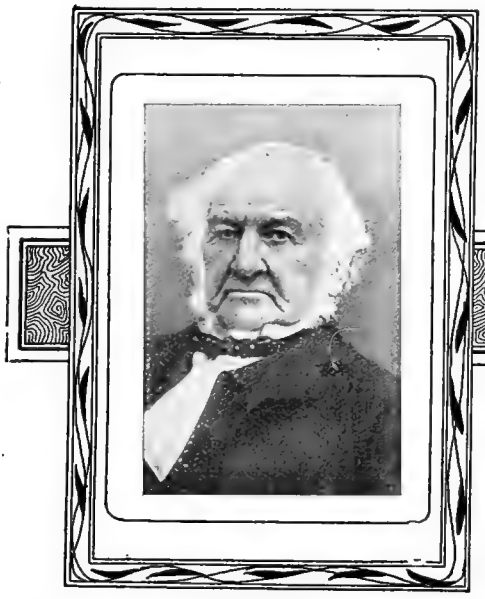
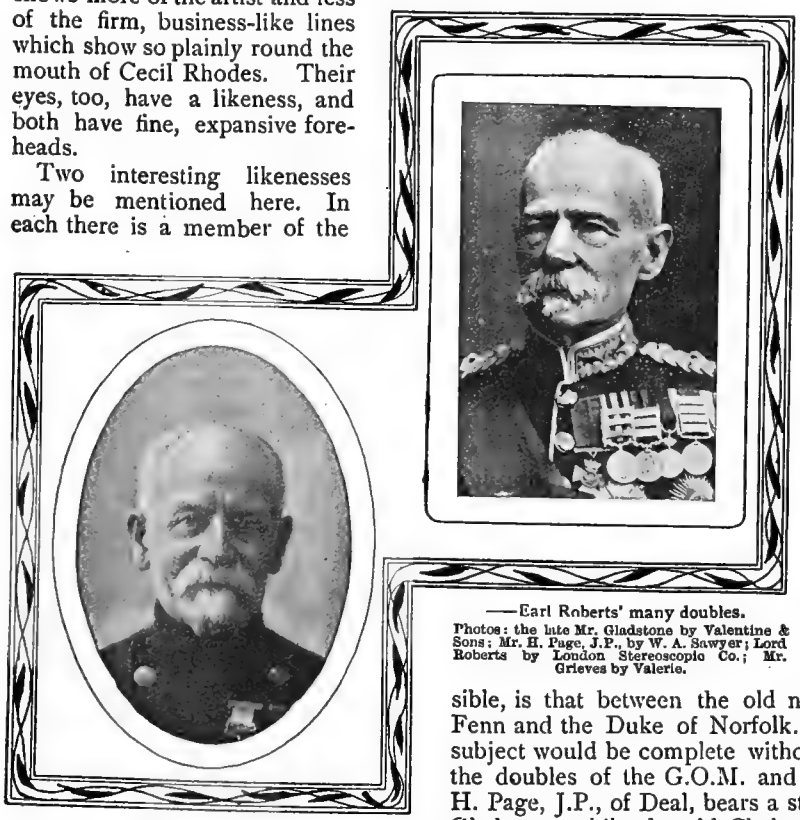


The late Mr. Gladstone —

—and Mr. H. Page J.P., are very much alike in face.

shows more of the artist and less of the firm, business-like lines which show so plainly round the mouth of Cecil Rhodes. Their eyes, too, have a likeness, and both have fine, expansive foreheads.

Two interesting likenesses may be mentioned here. In each there is a member of the theatrical profession and in each a politician. Mr. Beerbohm Tree and the Hon. Philip Stanhope, a near kinsman of Lord Rosebery, to whom, by the way, he shows a strong resemblance; and Mr. Chamberlain and Mr. Harrison Hill, the entertainer, whose impersonations of the great Colonial Secretary are wonderful.



Mr. Grieves, an old Chelsea pensioner, is the most striking of—

—Earl Roberts' many doubles.

Photos: the late Mr. Gladstone by Valentine & Sons; Mr. H. Page, J.P., by W. A. Sawyer; Lord Roberts by London Stereoscopic Co.; Mr. Grieves by Valerie.

Perhaps the most interesting likeness for which chance alone is responsible, is that between the old novelist Mr. Manville Fenn and the Duke of Norfolk. No article on this subject would be complete without some allusion to the doubles of the G.O.M. and Lord Roberts. Mr. H. Page, J.P., of Deal, bears a strong likeness to Mr. Gladstone, while the old Chelsea Pensioner Grieves bears a resemblance equally marked to Lord Roberts.

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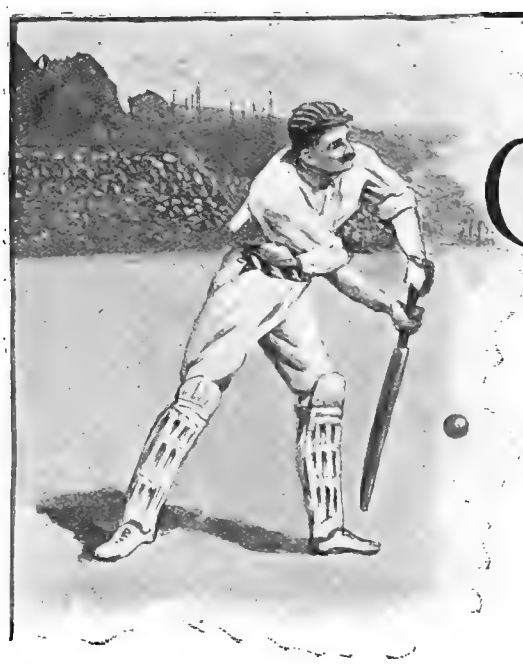

THE COLLINGWOOD PRO

A TALE OF THE NORTHERN LEAGUE.

By Horace Bleackley.

One evening in August a small group was standing in front of the pavilion of the Collingwood Cricket Ground.

"Well, who'd have thought at the beginning of the season," cried Mr. Dodson, the president, with a proud smile, "that our club would have a chance of being top of the League."

"We didn't seem to have a look in," replied Winkle, the secretary. "I'd have laid heavy odds on Kirk being champions."

"Anyhow, win or lose, we'll be a good second in the list," remarked Potts, the portly brewer.

There remained only one match to decide the championship of the Northern Cricket League, and the clubs of the neighbouring towns of Kirk and Collingwood, each of which had only lost one game hitherto, were the competitors for the position. The keenness and excitement which these contests always occasion, was intensified by the fact that the former club had been expected all along to come out top, while the Collingwood Eleven, until this year, had always been low down in the table of results.

"Ah! there'll be a pot o' brass lost if Kirk gets beat," remarked Winkle, with a chuckle. "Their chaps have been planking it down."

"By George, that young chap Harcourt has made a difference to our team," cried Dodson.

"He's a second W. G.!" exclaimed Potts.

"Yes, wouldn't the county like to get him," answered Winkle, his eyes sparkling.

"He's a puzzle, that fellow," said the president. "I can't make him out."

"Oh, he's a superior sort of chap, anyone can see that," observed Potts.

A moment later a well-built, good-looking young man came from the pavilion door with a cricket ball in his hand. It was Harcourt, the professional, who had been the subject of the discussion.

"Good evening, sir," he remarked, touching his cap to the president. "Have you come to watch the practice?"

This was the first season that Harcourt had played for the Collingwood Club. He had come with excellent credentials, as he had been recommended by the Cambridge University captain, and he had proved himself to be a marvellous player. Although a quiet and unassuming fellow it was evident that he was superior to his position. This air of mystery made him all the more famous, and "young quality" as he was dubbed by the local crowds was a popular hero.

The manufacturing town of Kirk, about two miles lower down the valley than Collingwood, is to a stranger one of the most dismal places in the world, though most of its humble residents are fond and proud of it. A score or so of factories are huddled together on either side of the river bank, and

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radiating from this centre the straggling streets of shabby houses and dingy shops crawl up the bleak hill slopes.

Within the bar parlour of one of the most disreputable public houses in the town two evil-looking men were sitting, smoking and drinking. The stout one with the bull neck and blotched face, who wore a flaming waistcoat and a large watch chain, was Grisp, the owner of the licensed house, a gentleman whose sporting instincts led him into many shady practices. The other, a bilious-looking little person in a loud suit was named Grimshaw, and made a precarious income as a racing tipster.

"If we're beat i' this match," grunted Grisp, with an oath, "it's all U P with me."

"I shall do a bolt," muttered Grimshaw, clutching the brandy bottle with trembling fingers.

"Well, there's no hope of squaring that young toff, Harcourt," said Grisp.

"Are you sure you handled him properly?" inquired Grimshaw nervously. "These things want a lot o' tact."

"Tact!" roared Grisp, "I did it as gingerly as if I'd been nussing a baby. I told him as 'ow I was watching over his career like a father, but I was afeared he weren't strong, and if he should happen to be took ill and couldn't turn out for the Kirk v. Collingwood match, as I'd take care he wasn't a loser. Then I hinted as how the 'flu' was fearful bad, and if he took it and couldn't play, that I'd stand him a hundred quid to make up to him for his disappointment. Weren't that tact?"

"And the young beast threatened to kick you out if you didn't clear!" snarled Grimshaw viciously.

"We've another chance o' dealing wi' young Harcourt now," Grisp continued, replenishing his tumbler. "Arter what we've found out about him."

"D'ye think there's any hope of his old uncle a-coming down here?" asked Grimshaw eagerly.

"You saw that letter I wrote him," retorted Grisp. "For my part, I think it'll fetch him. But if this trick fails," he went on looking murderous, "we've still a card up our sleeves."

"I hate violence, and it's so easy to get inside a police court," said Grimshaw, with a shudder. "Besides, young Harcourt's a big strong chap."

"Look here," cried Grisp furiously. "If young Harcourt *don't* play, Collingwood 'll lose the match for a certainty. But if Collingwood should win, you and I'll both be broke. This ain't a time for sentiment."

* * * *

Harcourt, the young professional, had just finished supper and was settling down to work, for he was an indefatigable student. His duties at the Collingwood cricket ground gave him plenty of leisure, and he was usually able to do some reading during the daytime as well as at night. He was about to open his books, when the door was unceremoniously flung open, and a well-groomed old gentleman with pink face and whiskers stalked majestically into his room.

"I hinted . . . that I'd stand him a hundred quid to make up for his disappointment."

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"Uncle!"

The name came involuntarily from Harcourt's lips as he rose from his chair at the table.

"Yes, you young reprobate, I've found you out!" replied the old man in tones loud but not unkind. "Now, what fool's game is this you're playing down here?"

"I'm earning my living," said Harcourt quietly.

"Is it true what I've heard," demanded his uncle more sternly, "that you've become a common professional?"

"Well, sir, you stopped my allowance, and said you'd never speak to me again," Harcourt returned mildly. "I had to leave Cambridge, and, you know, a man must live." He smiled inwardly as he watched the effect of his words. "I knew I was pretty sure of getting my doctor's degree if I could scrape together funds, so I turned pro. They pay me a very fair screw here, and I'm not wasting time. I'm reading jolly hard."

Uncle Joseph stamped restlessly about the room during his nephew's recital.

"However I've treated you," he burst forth at length, "you must own you've deserved it."

"That I freely admit," replied Harcourt placidly. "I've behaved shockingly."

"I paid your bills twice over," cried Uncle Joseph, growing more and more excited as he proceeded with the recital of his nephew's misdeeds, "and still you got into debt. You gambled, sir, and I believe you'd have taken to drink if you hadn't known it would have spoilt your cricket."

"I'm a reformed character now," returned Harcourt.

"Will you promise to turn over a new leaf if I forgive you once more?" said the old gentleman, who was very fond of his scapegrace nephew. "Poor Lottie's been in a terrible way about you."

Harcourt's face softened at the mention of his cousin's name, and for the first time he became serious.

"I promise you I won't rest until I've got through my exams.," he said earnestly. "This last scrape of mine has taught me a lesson."

"Then I'll take you home with me to-morrow," observed the old man with great satisfaction.

"That's impossible, Uncle Joseph," replied Harcourt. "My engagement with the Collingwood club is not finished yet."

"Confound the engagement," cried the old gentleman angrily. "I'll not let you be a common pro a day longer!"

"Look here, uncle," said Harcourt. "I'm not going to do such a shabby trick as to chuck these people over at the last minute. Would it be sportsmanlike?"

"Do you mean to say that I'm to let this disgrace stick to my family to please the folks in this dirty hole!" thundered Uncle Joseph, who had now become really peppery. "They've no claim on you—you're not a real professional."

"They've both a legal and a moral claim," replied Harcourt.

"Well, I don't agree with you, sir," roared Uncle Joseph very angry. "As for their legal claim, how would they find you out when you'd gone away? As for their moral claim, haven't I, your uncle, a greater claim upon you? But I'll not argue with you, Harcourt, for I'm afraid you're just as bad as ever you were. I'll give you until to-morrow to consider. Either you must go home with me in the morning, or I've finished with you for ever. The estates are not entailed, and, hang it all, I'll disinherit you."

And having delivered this ultimatum, Uncle Joseph marched out of the room.

About eight o'clock the same evening a very pretty girl, who had just arrived by the down train, walked timidly along the platform of the Collingwood Railway Station, attended by her maid. She evidently was a stranger to the place.

"Can you tell me," she inquired, addressing a porter, "where Mr. Harcourt Grandison lives?"

"Don't know no one o' that name, miss," replied the man after a moment's reflection.

"But I'm sure he lives here," replied the girl.

The porter scratched his head, and looked around in search of information.

"Hi, Mr. Grisp," he cried, as two men at that instant passed by. "You don't happen to know a chap called Harcourt Grandison, hereabouts, do you?"

Grisp, who was attended by his satellite, Grimshaw, came to a dead stop, and wheeling round approached the girl with an ingratiating grin upon his red face.

"I should rather think I do," he replied, apparently very pleased.

"Then you know Mr. Grandison?" said the girl, looking much relieved.

"He ain't called by that name here, miss," answered Grisp, putting on an air of importance. "You see, there's a sort o' mystery about him, and me and my pal here are the only ones who know."

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"Oh!" ejaculated the girl, feeling very uncomfortable.

"It's a long, lonely walk from here, miss," answered Grisp seriously. "It's hardly safe for a young lady. It's not a walk as I should like a daughter o' mine to take of a night time."

"I'm not a bit afraid," the girl replied, with a little stamp of impatience. "And I have my maid."

"Oh, but I was a-thinking," pursued Grisp, in most insinuating tones, "as how you mightn't care about visiting a young fellow's lodgings at this time o' night——"

"What insolence!" cried the girl with a flash of anger. "How dare——"

"Beg pardon, miss, no offence meant," hastily replied Grisp, cringing. "I mean as if you could get anyone to carry a note to tell him as you're here you wouldn't trouble to take such a lonesome walk."

The recent comment upon her proceedings evidently had affected the girl's resolution, for she hesitated.

"Could I get someone to take a letter if you give me Mr. Grandison's address?" she asked anxiously.

"Why, miss, I shall be only too proud to carry it myself!" answered Grisp eagerly.

She looked at him rather suspiciously.

"You see, me and my mate here has a very friendly feeling towards Mr. Grandison—that is, Mr. Harcourt, as we calls him," he explained. "We're sportsman ourselves, miss, and we love a sportsman. Now this young gentleman is the finest cricketer in these parts, and we're only too happy to do a good turn to any friend of his."

The girl had sufficient knowledge of mankind to appreciate this explanation, which indeed was plausible enough. In the end she scribbled a note in the waiting-room, and gave it to Messrs. Grisp and Grimshaw, who faithfully promised to deliver it at once. Then, accompanied by her maid she proceeded to the one respectable hotel in the town, and was fortunate enough to secure the only private sitting-room.

"Well, ain't this a go?" cried Grimshaw, as soon as they reached the nearest public house. "We're on velvet. Ain't it luck? It don't matter now what the old chap does!"

"There's a ticklish bit o' work to be done first," replied Grisp, with a grim smile, spreading out a piece of paper on the table. "Now let's get this letter of her's altered. That's easy done, as it's in black lead. 'Meet me at the Castle Inn,' it says. Well, that'll ha' to be changed! Then, there's a lot o' lovey stuff and nonsense. That can all stand! Why, Grimshaw, there's no more needs changing!" And with a piece of rubber and a pencil the villainous Grisp proceeded to make the necessary alterations.

"He'll not twig it's been tampered with," he muttered, as he refastened the envelope. "She's writ so bad. It'll bring him out in a jiffy, I'll be bound."

"What time is the up train?" inquired Grimshaw.

"Half an hour," replied Grisp. "We must be off, or we'll be too late. What a fort'nate thing I found out he were old Grandison's nephew."

And taking up their hats and sticks they went out. It was now growing dark.

When Uncle Joseph arrived at the Castle Inn, after his interview with Harcourt, he was much annoyed to find that the private room was engaged and that he would have to sit with the commercials. He ordered supper and retired to bed early, in a very bad temper indeed.

He was breakfasting the next morning about ten o'clock when a fat, good-natured person entered the commercial room.

Old Mr. Grandison scarcely glanced at the new arrival, but the stout man stared at him very curiously. At last he rose and came eagerly towards him.

"It's young Squire Grandison, or I'm a Dutchman," cried the newcomer, beaming with delight.

"Old Squire, you mean," returned old Mr. Grandison. "But who are—why—surely—yes, why it's young Potts, to be sure."

"Old Potts, you mean, Squire," said that worthy merrily. "Why, we've not seen each other for twenty-five years."

"I'm delighted to see you, Potts, my good fellow," returned the Squire sincerely, for the brewer was the son of an old tenant.

"Do you recollect that cricket match, Squire," said Potts as they talked of old times, "Lord, it's forty years since—when I came in last, and kept up my wicket for half an hour while you knocked off the runs? The old Squire, your father, gave me a quid, I remember."

Mr. Grandison nodded with pleasure at the recollection.

"We are all fair mad on cricket here just now," continued Potts. "We expect to be top of the League by Saturday night. It's the last match to-day and to-morrow. Now, do

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stop and see it. Young Harcourt's batting is a treat."

And greatly to Mr. Grandison's discomfort, Potts launched into a long eulogy upon the young professional's achievements.

In the midst of his narrative, the door was suddenly burst open, and in rushed Messrs Dodson and Winkle, the president and secretary respectively of the Collingwood C.C. They were both in a state of great excitement.

"We've been looking for you all over the place," cried the breathless Dodson, addressing Potts. "There's an awful thing happened —Harcourt's disappeared!"

"There's been foul play!" groaned Winkle. "It's nearly eleven, and he's not here."

"He'd no business to go away," said Dodson emphatically. "He's been kidnapped so that we should lose the match. Play begins in an hour."

"I shouldn't wonder if he's been murdered!" muttered the imaginative Winkle.

"Good heavens, no," cried Mr. Grandison, rising from the table with white cheeks.

"We'll get licked for certain now," added the secretary.

"Well, I'm off to the police station," growled Dodson. "Come along, Winkle."

"We must have detectives out at once," suggested Winkle.

The attention of Potts was occupied at that moment by Mr. Grandison, who had suddenly become faint, and he hardly noticed the departure of his two colleagues.

"Mr. Grandison, sir, are you ill?" he inquired anxiously. "Shall I call a doctor?"

"No, no, I'm all right," replied the old gentleman. "But tell me, Potts, you don't think any harm has come to Harcourt, do you?"

"Not a bit of it," replied the brewer. "Dodson and Winkle are as fussy as a pair o' women. But I'll go and make a few inquiries. It'll be an awkward job if the lad doesn't turn up soon."

"May I come with you?"

"I'll only be too proud, Squire."

As old Mr. Grandison and Potts passed into the front hall of the inn, the pretty girl and her maid were descending the staircase.

"Lottie!" cried the Squire, aghast, as he caught sight of his daughter. "Why are you here?"

Though the girl was covered with confusion, she replied firmly:

"I followed you, father. I wish to make peace between you and Harcourt."

"Harcourt!" Potts could not help exclaiming. "What! our cricketer Harcourt?"

Mr. Grandison's hand was laid upon his arm.

"Old friend, I can trust you," he said in a low voice, "Harcourt is my nephew."

"Well, I'm——" began Potts and then checked himself.

Just then two seedy individuals shuffled through the hall, and went into the bar.

"Morning, Mr. Potts," muttered the first.

"Oh, father, have you seen poor Harcourt?" demanded Lottie anxiously. "I sent a note to him last night and I got no answer. That man who has just passed took it for me."

"What, Grisp!" cried Potts, with a whistle.

"I must get you out of this disreputable place at once," said Mr. Grandison, with a shudder.

They proceeded to Lottie's sitting-room where a hurried conversation took place between the three.

"Then you will forgive Harcourt, father dear?" cried Lottie after she had heard of Mr. Grandison's interview with the truant.

"My principal anxiety at present is to shake hands with him," replied the Squire, who had not told her of anxiety respecting his nephew's disappearance.

Potts had grown very silent and thoughtful.

"If that fellow Grisp took a note to young Mr. Harcourt last night," he murmured, "he may have seen him. I'll go and ask him."

And he went.

Messrs. Grisp and Grimshaw were in a very good humour this morning, for they had been doing excellent business. Fortune had been very kind to them, for many-tongued rumours had been active in the towns of Kirk and Collingwood, and the odds respecting the cricket match, which was at present the only thing talked of or thought of, had been fluctuating wildly. A firm impression had got abroad that Harcourt would not play in the game, and consequently the betting was now three to one on Kirk. Messrs. Grisp and Grimshaw were not slow to avail themselves of these odds, though it would not be fair to disclose which side they backed.

These two gentlemen were sitting in the bar parlour of the Castle Inn, and altogether they were very pleased with themselves, when in marched Potts, carrying his heaviest guns.

"I want a word with you chaps," he began roughly.

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"Delighted, I'm sure," answered Grisp scenting danger.

"You took a letter to young Harcourt about eight o'clock last night," exclaimed Potts, sternly glaring down upon the disreputable pair, and eagerly watching the effect of his question.

"Ah, to be sure, we did," replied Grisp amiably, after thinking for a moment. "From a pretty lass we met at the railway station—his sweetheart very like. We left it at his lodgings on our way to the billiard match at the Golden Calf."

"I suppose you know that young Harcourt has disappeared?" continued Potts, with the expression of a leading counsel at Old Bailey.

"It's nat'ral that you Collingwood chaps should be riled," answered Grisp, with a calm effrontery that astonished the worthy brewer. "All the town is saying that he's run off wi' a gal and won't play. It's astounding how these things get about."

"Sur-prising!" ejaculated Grimshaw.

"Look here," thundered Potts losing his temper. "Dodson suspects foul play, and he's gone off to the police. I'll just follow him and say that you two chaps were the last to see young Harcourt last night. It's long odds you'll both find yourself in the lock-up till he comes back."

"Steady on a bit, Mr. Potts," cried Grisp in genuine alarm, as the brewer was moving towards the door.

"It's my belief you've kidnapped the lad," Potts shouted furiously. "And as it isn't likely he'd have allowed himself to be took without a struggle, I'll be bound to say he's been used pretty roughly."

"Now, come, Mr. Potts," pleaded the dismayed Grisp. "If you'll only wait and listen to reason I'll tell you all I know."

Exactly what disclosures were made by the worthy Grisp does not matter. At any rate, Potts was very well satisfied with what he heard, and went off chuckling to himself, and joined the old Squire and Lottie in most excellent spirits.

"I've every reason to believe, Mr. Grandison," said he, "that your nephew will be here, safe and sound, in a short time. It appears that he was seen to take the 8.30 train to Manchester last night. Why not send your luggage to the station, and come to the cricket ground? You'd be most likely to see him there first."

The appearance of the cricket ground both surprised and impressed the old Squire, who had no idea that it would be so well appointed. The field of play was spacious and as well kept as a bowling green, the pavilion was new and handsome, and a crowd of ten thousand enthusiastic spectators lined the ropes.

Whatever may be said against League matches, it cannot be denied that they attract innumerable masses who otherwise would never patronise a cricket ground. Like all other games, cricket must be modified by its environment, and one cannot expect it to be conducted in the same fashion in an East Lancashire town and a Kent village.

Mr. Potts had just provided his friends with comfortable seats in front of the pavilion,

A hurried conversation took place between the three.

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when Winkle, the secretary, hurried up to him waving a telegram triumphantly.

"Harcourt wired from Manchester an hour ago," he observed "to say he'd missed the 10.30 train, so he couldn't get here till one."

"It's one now," said Potts, referring to his watch. "It's a pity we've had to begin without him—having lost the toss too."

"Kirk's only made thirty in an hour for one wicket," replied Winkle encouragingly. "But I can't make out why Harcourt should run away like this."

The minutes flew by, but the Collingwood professional did not appear. The faces of the officials grew very gloomy.

"I say," remarked Winkle nervously to Potts. "Suppose that telegram from Harcourt should be a bogus one, and he's been kidnapped after all!"

"By Jove," muttered Potts to himself. "Suppose that scoundrel Grisp told me a pack o' lies!"

Presently there was a disturbance among the spectators on the side of the ground nearest the town, and then a figure in white burst through and leapt over the ropes into the field of play. A mighty roar of welcome rose all around the ring.

"Hurrah, it's Harcourt at last," shouted Winkle, trying to execute a war-dance in very confined limits.

"I wish that toff Harcourt hadn't turned up just yet," grumbled Grimshaw, who was standing with Grisp near the scoring-box. "It'd have suited my hand much better."

"Well, how would you ha' managed to keep him away any longer?" growled Grisp scornfully. "I think I did pretty well as it were to get him away for so long."

"Oh, I'm not complaining," added Grimshaw. "I've got a first-rate book now."

A powerful sun now began to take effect upon the wicket, and owing to the fine bowling of Harcourt during the next half-hour, the score of the Kirk team had only reached a hundred for the loss of eight wickets when the bell rang for the interval.

The meeting between Harcourt Grandison and his two relatives was rather an embarrassing one, but was tactfully arranged by the benevolent Potts, and none of the bystanders had any suspicion of the facts of the case.

"Are the last two of the Kirk team any good?" he asked Harcourt, trying to speak carelessly.

"Can't bat a bit," replied the nephew. "One's the fast bowler, the other's the wicket-keeper."

"Well," cried Mr. Grandison, his eyes watering. "The pitch is bound to improve. You ought to get a lot of runs, Harcourt."

As soon as Harcourt had the chance, he turned to his pretty cousin.

"Oh, Lottie, what a dance you've led me," he observed reproachfully. "I got your note last night, and I caught the train to Manchester to meet you at the Queen's Hotel as you asked me."

"Indeed, I never did," Lottie replied, looking very confused.

"Why, I have your letter," continued Harcourt. "There was no train back, so I had to stay in Manchester. And this morning when I inquired at the hotel there was a wire from you saying you'd meet me there at half-past ten."

"Good gracious, I didn't send you a telegram," cried Lottie.

After comparing notes for a few minutes they thought it best to appeal to the useful Potts.

"It's plain as a pikestaff," remarked that worthy when he had heard the story. "It was a plot to get you away, Mr. Harcourt, so that these rascals could run up the odds."

When the game was resumed the last two Kirk wickets only added ten runs, and certain bookmakers who had believed the sensational rumours that had been spread during the morning concerning the Collingwood professional, looked exceedingly blue. Messrs. Grisp and Grimshaw didn't seem particularly happy.

It was the turn of the Collingwood team to bat, and Harcourt as usual went in first. Whatever might have been the actual state of old Mr. Grandison's feelings towards him before his innings there was no uncertainty about them afterwards, for when he returned to the pavilion after making eighty-five runs in as many minutes, the old gentleman hurried after him into the dressing-room.

"Harcourt," he exclaimed, shaking his hand wildly. "You're quite right, my boy. It would have been a shabby trick to have left your team in the lurch as I wanted you to do."

Before he left the old Squire gave Mr. Potts a cheque which, strange to say, was the exact amount of his nephew's salary during the season, and requested him to present it to the Collingwood Cricket Club, as a donation from a gentleman of Kent, who had experienced very great pleasure in witnessing their splendid triumph.

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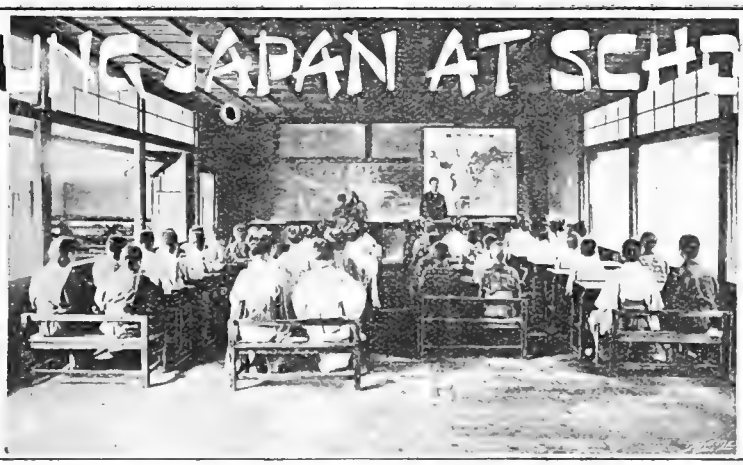
YOUNG JAPAN AT SCHOOL



A mixed class learning about Japan's European ally.

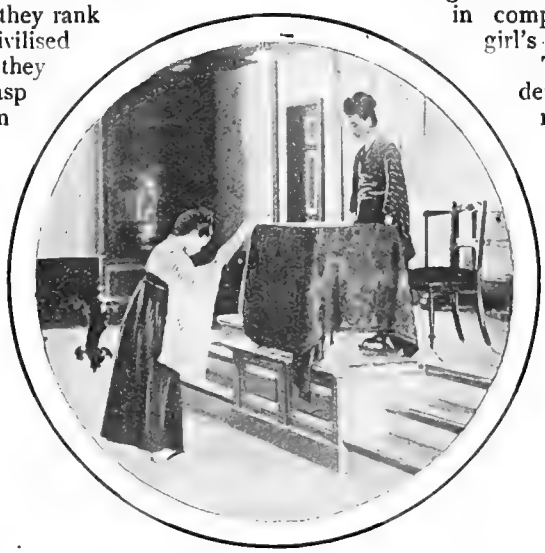
By John Jones.

The Japanese must be classed among the very cleverest nations on earth. Many experts—considering what they have done for themselves during the last fifty years, how they have absorbed the knowledge of the wise men of the West, and have applied it to their practical needs—class them as *the* cleverest people in the world—and, indeed, no nation ever made such progress in half a century as Japan can show in that time.

People wonder—how it is that the Japanese, who, half a century ago, were semi-barbarians, have managed to educate themselves so highly that they rank with the most civilised nations? How have they managed to grasp modern methods in so short a time—to found their Constitution, their magnificent Army and Navy, their railways and telegraphs, great manufacturing concerns, a modern system of education — and all on the most enlightened lines?

In one word, the answer is—Brains.

The Japanese, undoubtedly, have brains of very high culture. Moreover, they hunger and thirst after knowledge. The enthusiasm that they show in their studies—all the Japanese, in every class—is startling; nothing can daunt the spirit with which they apply themselves to the most heart-breaking task—and, of course, with this enthusiasm, they win through. Brains are not allowed to grow rusty in Japan. The giddiest *geisha* in the treaty-port tea-house, singing to the twanging of her *samisen* the most frivolous dancing song, has passed through a schooling so severe that, in comparison, an English girl's lessons are play.



How a Japanese girl receives her diploma.

Their brains are wonderfully receptive, and not only receptive, but inventive. Knowledge is not only absorbed — it is turned to use in a practical way. The young men are set to work in the brand new universities to master the higher branches of education. They pass through the long, hard courses, and then they turn themselves into statesmen, lawyers, writers,

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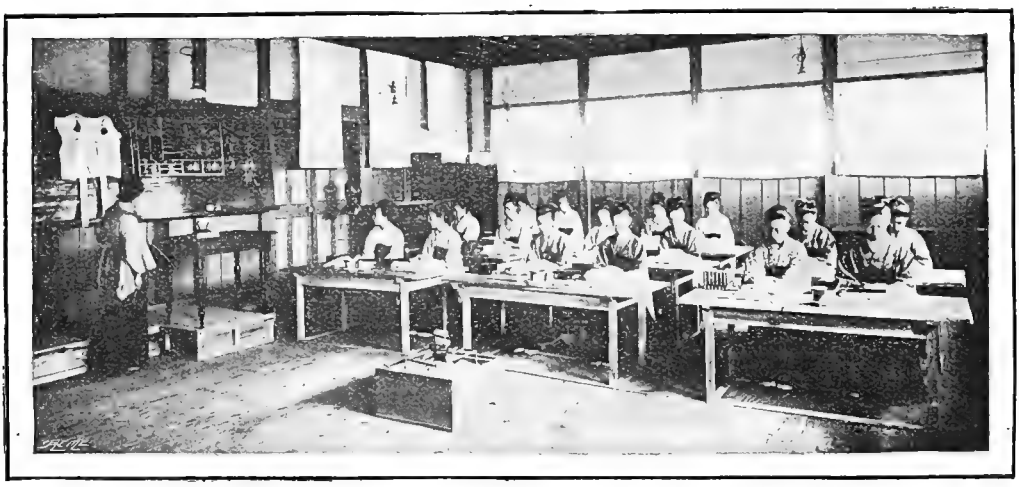

Teaching a class of Japanese girls how to make a bodice.

newspaper men, doctors, architects, or engineers, ranking—from a Western point of view—as thoroughly competent. And fifty years ago Japan was in the fifteenth century!

The English schoolboy when he goes to school is only taught what his fathers have been taught before him, and we may assume that he inherits a certain aptitude for Latin and Greek. But when the Japanese boy goes to the modern Japanese schools the chances are that he is set to master themes undreamt of, before, in his family.

The Japanese manufacturer, too, having learnt Western methods, and started some great factory on Western lines with all his machinery up-to-date, labours under this great disadvantage—he must personally conduct the whole concern. There are no workmen to his hand born and bred to the trade. He must educate the native artisans. The Japanese lawyer must create an office system, and train a staff; the Japanese politician, newly returned from a tour through Britain or America, striving after foreign ideals, must educate his constituents.

What hard brain-work the acquiring of modern knowledge and its application entails can be imagined. Instances of enthusiasm—often misplaced—are related, and are to be found in Japan every day. Thus the well-known writer on Japan, Mr. Stafford Ransome, tells how a friend of his, a man well-known in the international business of the world, began to study English by writing out Dr. Johnson's dictionary in its entirety. At the beginning of the work he was merely copying the outlines of the English lettering, having no idea of their meaning, and he copied every word in that vast dictionary writing with a bamboo brush in Indian ink on tissue paper.

Another remarkable example of Japanese thoroughness is the case of the famous statesman, Count Okuma, who took the trouble to found a school—and a very prosperous one it is, with more than a thousand pupils—in order, simply, that a large number of boys should be educated to his special political views, which might then be spread abroad by earnest disciples!

To her brains then—to the wonderful way in which young Japan at school learns the lessons that are set—the progress and prosperity of the country is due.

There are upwards of 50,000 schools of all sorts in Japan to-day—more than 100,000 teachers, and more than 5,000,000 pupils—and two-thirds of the school-population are receiving an education that will compare favourably with that of any other country. And everyone who has studied the schools says that the scholars are absolute models of industry—the most diligent school children in the world.

It was not until 1871 that education in Japan was started on modern lines, when the Government Department of Education was established, and when commissioners were dispatched the world over to report on the best methods of teaching. "It is intended," said the Mikado's edict of that time, "that henceforward education shall be so diffused that there may not be a village with an ignorant family, nor a family with an ignorant member." An absurdly ambitious programme, perhaps, but one which the Japanese have never ceased

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striving to make good. Professors from Britain, America, Germany, and France set the ball of knowledge rolling, and ever since it has gathered in force, for good or for evil.

Between the great university at Tokio, with its perfectly equipped colleges of law, medicine, engineering, literature, science in every branch, and agriculture, and the kindergarten schools for the babies from three to six years old—founded on the best German principles—are intermediate schools of every kind; high schools, preparatory schools, technical schools, apprentices schools, deaf-and-dumb schools, all established on the best modern lines. Education is compulsory, and concerns the body as well as the mind, for all modern athletic games—baseball particularly—are strongly recommended.

The schools are often big, handsome, airy buildings, lit by electricity, with everything up-to-date. What is taught is much what is taught in this country—but between our pupils and the Japanese lies a world of difference. Japanese school children are wonderfully patient, wonderfully docile—they revere their teachers, however unpopular personally they may be, so long as they are clever—but they will not tolerate a master who is not, to their thinking, learned enough. In Japan the pupils expel their masters—not the masters their pupils. Every school is a highly-spirited republic, striving for advancement. If the teacher cannot push his pupils forward fast enough, however charming personally he may be, the pupils simply refuse to attend their classes until the offender has resigned.

The teachers are appointed by the Educational Bureau, and must pass successfully through a severe training at the normal colleges. None can enter without passing an examination—and every year there are three or four examinations, in which the students must take high honours or leave—it does not follow that because they have been admitted they will be graduated. All expenses, even to wearing apparel, are paid by the State; but the students, if they graduate, are bound to serve, in return, for five years as teachers.

So severe is the discipline at these normal schools, that the men are exempted from more than one year's service in the army—they are undergoing, indeed, military training whilst at school. They must ever hold themselves like soldiers—special marks are given for deportment—they must halt, bring their heels together, and salute whenever they meet a teacher. Even at their studies military discipline is inforced—there are no backs to their seats, or supports for their elbows. Behaviour must be faultless—never a whisper or a laugh, never a head raised without permission.

In all the schools—especially in the girls' schools—drawing and the arts are taught, and the girls study embroidery, painting, and flower-arrangement — for, of course, the Japanese are intensely artistic by nature.

A class of small Japs exploring the mysteries of the rule of three

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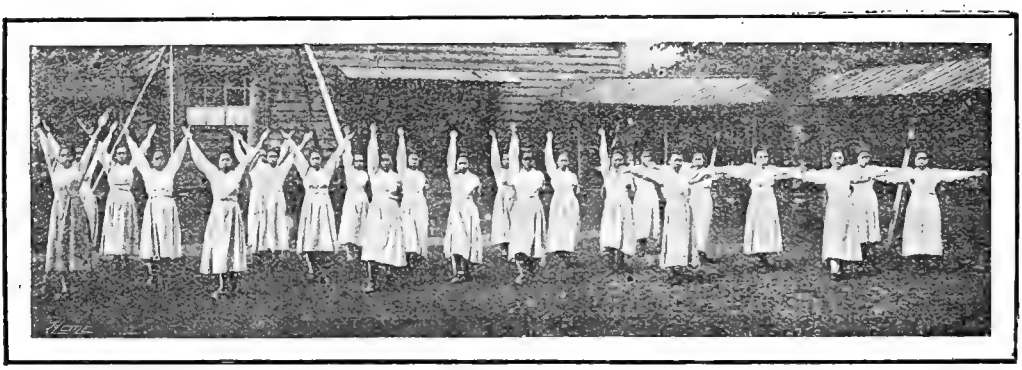


Physical drill is by no means neglected in Japanese schools.

The children are often wonderful draughtsmen, partly because the writing of Chinese and Japanese characters correctly is, in itself, a great training for hand and eye.

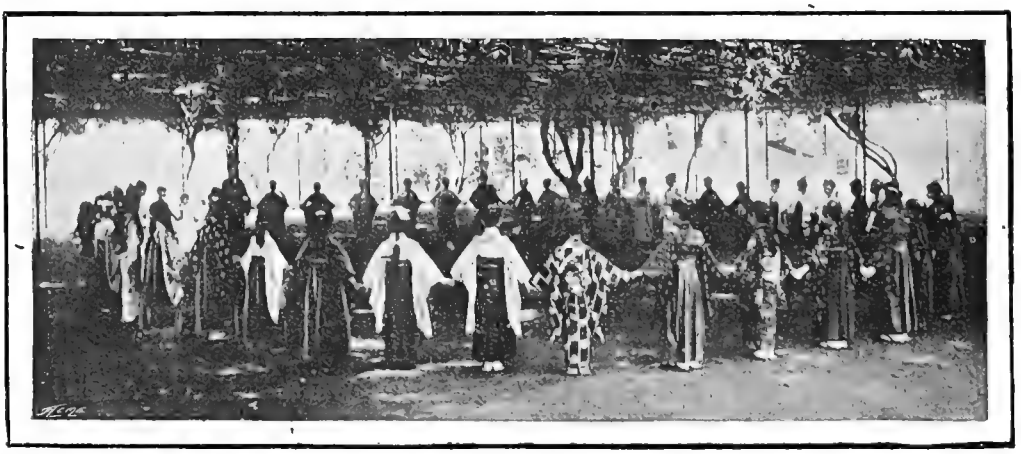
Among the prettiest sights which the foreigner can see in Japan, is that of the children in the elementary schools at their lessons. Pretty, too, is it to see them at their gentle games in the intervals of lessons, never quarrelling as they form into big circles for some round game, but singing the sweetest songs.

In many places, all the schools in a district come together once a year to hold great athletic contests, and perhaps five or six thousand boys and girls will pass the day racing, fencing, wrestling, with tugs of war, contests of battledores and shuttle-cocks, and dumb-bell displays in which all take part, chanting the songs of the dumb-bell drill.

It is surprising how much science is taught even in the out-of-the-way country schools. One English teacher mentions how a pupil, a boy of sixteen, collected and classified more than two hundred varieties of marine plants for a Tokio professor, while another wrote in his teacher's notebook, without any references, and almost without mistake, a complete scientific list of all the butterflies in the neighbourhood.

In Japanese schools there is practically no punishment, and never corporal punishment. The teachers are teachers only, not masters—they rule by gentleness. And the children work to their last ounce of strength, only too often failing under the strain of the advanced modern knowledge thrust upon them. For it must be remembered that the Japanese are habitually underfed, that their bodies are not built up to withstand great mental strain. *Our* ancestors, for centuries, have lived on flesh, gaining strong bodies to support strong minds. The Japanese have lived on rice and bean-curd, and so the delicate, thinly-clad, under-fed children naturally suffer when their keen brains are worked at the highest pressure.

But we may hope that our brave and clever allies will acquire in time our love of good beef-steak, along with all the knowledge of our wise men.



Play after work. "How we go round the mulberry bush" is much the same all the world over.

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Putting Mrs. Taylor, the only survivor of a trip over Niagara Falls, into the barrel in which she made the descent.

HEROES OF NIAGARA.

This Extremely Interesting Article describes all the Daring Feats, including Blondin's Famous Tight-Rope Performances, which have taken place at the Falls of Niagara.

By Orrin E. Dunlap.

Niagara stands unrivalled, the world over, as the scene of the most daring feats known. In all cases, the motive prompting those who so wantonly risked and often met death has been a desire either for money or for notoriety.

It was the late Sam Patch who first travelled to Niagara to perform an unusual feat and thereby win fame and fortune. He worked in a mill just above Pawtucket Falls, Rhodes Island. There he used to bathe with his companions and engage in high jumping. They used to dive down from a bridge into a deep pool, and not satisfied with this, they sought greater heights and leaped from the roof of a mill near by. It was here that Sam Patch developed his ambition and ability.

An early business venture failing, he began accepting engagements about the country to jump from high places. In September, 1829, he found himself one of a big crowd attracted to Niagara Falls to witness the sending over the cataract of the condemned brig *Michigan*, cruelly loaded with terror-stricken wild animals. Sam Patch was inspired to profit by the excitement that prevailed, and accordingly, he built a wooden tower, ninety

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Blondin crossed the Falls without a balancing pole, and every now and then he sat down and read the paper.

feet high, at the water's edge at the foot of the Biddle Stairway on Goat Island, some way above the Falls. From a platform on top of this structure he leaped safely into the waters of the lower Niagara River. His career closed soon afterward with a leap in Rochester, in the State of New York, which cost him his life.

Thirty years after, Monsieur Blondin, a Frenchman, appeared at Niagara, and announced his intention of crossing the gorge on a tight rope stretched from Goat Island to the Canadian bank. At first the Press viewed the plan with suspicion, but Blondin soon gained the popular confidence by daily walking up and down the guys of the old railway suspension-bridge, carelessly puffing at a cigar.

In June, 1859, he stretched his rope midway between the Falls and Whirlpool Rapids, at a place known as White's Pleasure Grounds. A seven-eighth's-inch rope was first carried across the gorge, and when the cable arrived, on June 22, 1859, all was in readiness to place it. This cable was about one thousand three hundred feet long, and with it came fully thirty thousand feet of rope for guys.

On June 23rd, when the big cable had been drawn to within two hundred feet of the Canadian bank, it was feared that the small rope first stretched would not be strong enough to land it; but to the astonishment of all, Blondin tied a rope to his body and walked out on the small rope and attached another rope to the cable. Each day it seemed as though Blondin became more fearless, and the news of his doings greatly excited the locality.

It was arranged that Blondin's first public performance should be given on June 30th, 1859. Previous to the river trip on the cable, he gave a performance on a rope in the Pleasure Grounds. He danced, turned over and over, leaped backward ten to fifteen feet, and bounded high in the air, showing astonishing skill.

It was about five o'clock in the afternoon when he started out on the cable from the American side. When about one hundred feet out he sat down, lay on his back, stood on one foot, and then resumed his journey. At intervals of about one hundred and fifty feet he repeated this performance until he reached the middle of the river. Then the steamer, *Maid of the Mist*, came up the river, her flags flying and loaded with passengers.

Blondin dropped a cord to the deck and pulled up a bottle, from which he took a long draught. He then leaped to his feet without touching the cable with his hands, and continued his walk to the Canadian cliff. He was on the rope eighteen minutes, and as he landed the gorge rang with cheers. In half an hour he returned across the rope to the American side in seven minutes, including a stop in the centre to view the falls.

The balance pole he carried was about thirty-eight feet long and weighed forty-five pounds. While an admission fee was charged to the Pleasure Grounds, Blondin's principal source of compensation was through collections taken up among the crowds on the river bank. His first trip was witnessed by thousands of people, who had travelled long distances to see him.

Blondin's second performance was given on July 4th of the same year in the presence of a still larger crowd, and this time he

Blondin carrying his agent, Harry Colcord, across Niagara gorge.

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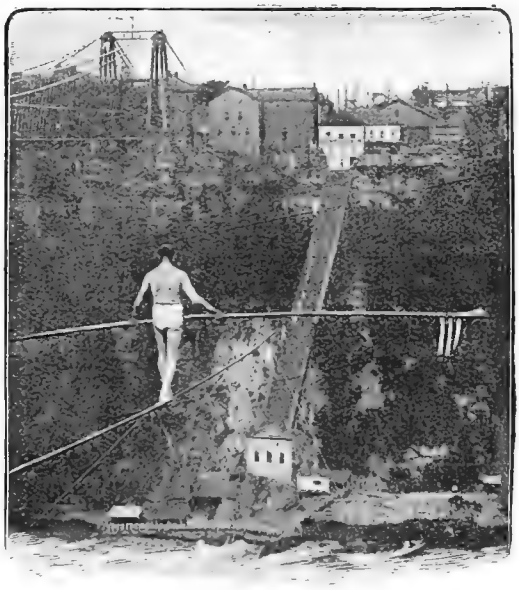
walked with a sack over his head and body, his legs and feet being free. On July 14th, 1859, the Hon. Millard Fillmore witnessed his performance. On this occasion Blondin stopped in the centre of the cable, and at a signal from the steamer *Maid of the Mist* in the river below, he held out his hat, and Captain Travis, a famous pistol-shot, sent a bullet through the rim of it, after which the hat was lowered to the steamer's deck.

After crossing to Canada, Blondin returned, dressed as a monkey, and trundled a wheel-barrow over the rope. On Wednesday, August 3rd, 1859, Blondin, before the largest crowd of that year, made a trip over the rope in less than six minutes, taking time to stand on his head. On his fifth trip Blondin carried Harry Colcord on his back. On landing, both Blondin and Colcord were carried on the shoulders of the crowd to a carriage.

On August 31st, 1859, Blondin gave his first night performance. At each end of the rope locomotive headlights were placed to give illumination. On his pole he carried coloured lights, but when he was in the centre, these lights gave out, leaving him in darkness. Those close by the cable felt for the vibration, which told them he was safe as they felt his careful tread.

Blondin closed the season by crossing with baskets on his feet and shackles on his body. On returning from Canada he carried a table and chair. When a third of the way across he attempted to seat himself on the chair, but it slipped and tumbled into the river. Blondin, however, recovered his balance and regaled himself with champagne and cake while sitting on the rope.

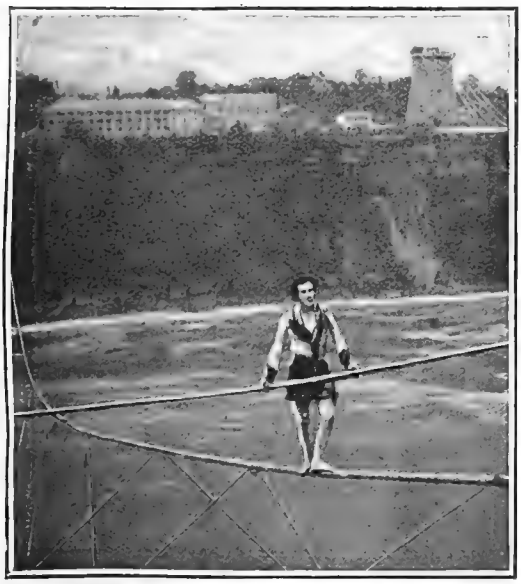


Steve Peere crossing Niagara gorge. Three days after this performance he was found dead on the river bank.

Blondin's fame was now so well established that everybody was eager to see him. The townspeople of Niagara liked his performances because they attracted crowds, filled the hotels and helped trade. In 1860 Blondin stretched his rope across the gorge below the railway suspension bridge right over the Whirlpool Rapids. This was in the village of Niagara City, and the Niagara Falls people were quite angry, for in those days there was no little jealousy between the rival villages, which have since been merged into one town. Accordingly he returned the following year, and his first feat was crossing the rope backward. Next he walked blindfolded.

On July 4th he performed on a rope suspended from his cable; on September the 8th the presence of the Prince of Wales, now King Edward, inspired his greatest daring, and he carried Colcord across on his back and also walked over on stilts.

While the name of Blondin will ever be associated with the Niagara gorge, many others have sought fame there in the performance of feats equally brilliant.



Balleni, Blondin's follower, in mid-air over the Rapids.

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A favourite feat of S. J. Dixon, who made two trips across the Niagara gorge.

But his was the first success, and it is well known that the world never gives as much appreciation to those who follow. Even while Blondin was drawing crowds in Niagara City in 1860, he was confronted with a rival named Signor Farini, who stretched his rope across the gorge near the outlet of the hydraulic canal.

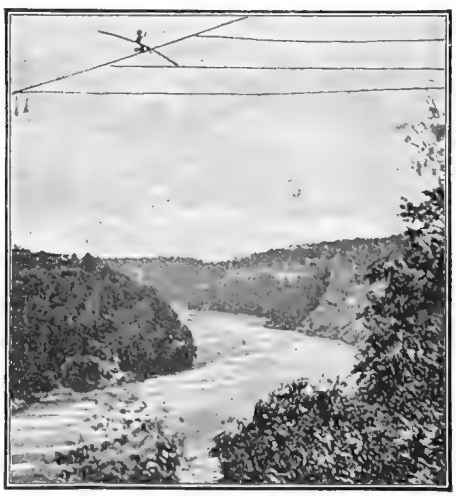
While Blondin walked a tight rope, people were amazed at Farini, who always had his rope very slack. Farini gave many performances, and he aimed to surpass Blondin, walking with his feet in a sack, while Blondin had left his free. On August 29th, 1860, Farini carried Rowland McMullen over the cable on his back, but Colcord lives where McMullen is forgotten. On September 5th Farini, while on the cable, washed ladies' handkerchiefs in water drawn up from the river far below.

On August 6th, 1888, Blondin revisited Niagara, the place that made him famous. In the years he had been abroad others had sought to do what he had done. In July and August 1855, Harry Leslie, styled "the American Blondin," crossed the gorge on a cable over the rapids. In August, 1873, Signor Balleni stretched a cable from Prospect Park to a point on the Canadian side, and made his first crossing on August 25th, 1873. Balleni embellished his performance by dropping from the cable to the river by means of a rubber rope, and one day while fastening his balance-pole preparatory to this leap, he lost it in the river, but managed with difficulty to reach land again.

On Saturday afternoon, July 8th, 1876, Signorina Maria Spelterina crossed the Niagara gorge on a two-and-one-fourth-inch rope stretched over the rapids below the railway suspension-bridge. She is the only woman who has the credit of such a performance. Her crossing with baskets on her feet was startling, and she also walked with her ankles and wrists manacled. In those days Niagara was far more popular with Southern Americans than it is to-day, and the Southern society that gathered there set the pace for all pleasures, and encouraged the performance of these feats.

Maria Spelterina crossed the gorge on one occasion with baskets on her feet.

Among those who had helped Signor Balleni erect his cable in 1873, was a painter named Steve Peere, who lived in Drummondville, Ontario. One day Peere secured Balleni's pole and fearlessly ran out on the cable. The jealousy of Balleni was aroused to such a pitch that he was caught in the act of trying to cut the cable.



This photograph shows Maria Spelterina kneeling on her cable.

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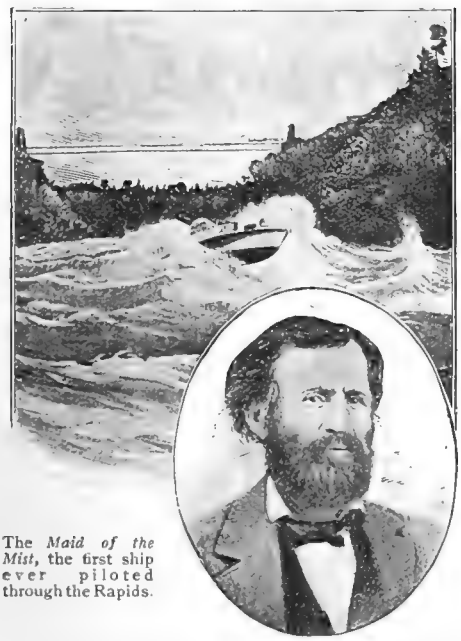
One strand had already been severed, and a couple of strokes would have sent Peere to instant death. This incident closed Balleni's career at Niagara.

Peere, however, was destined to make his mark, for a few years later he crossed the gorge on a cable only three-quarters of an inch in diameter, a mere thread compared with the rope that Blondin and others had used. Then, too, its surface was hard and slippery. Three days after this feat Peere was found dead on the river bank under the Canadian end of the cable, and it has always been supposed that he had tried to walk the cable at night, with his boots on, while intoxicated.

Not discouraged by Peere's fate, Samuel John Dixon, of Toronto, made two trips across the same narrow path of steel.

Clifford M. Calverley, James E. Hardy, and J. F. Jenkins have also crossings of the gorge to their credit. Hardy is said to have been the youngest man to perform the feat, while Jenkins crossed on a velocipede arrangement, his balancing pole being carried under his feet.

It is hard to tell whether those who have done wonderful things in the air or those who have sought fame in the water have created the greater sensation at Niagara. It is not recorded that anybody has ever lost his life in walking across the gorge on a rope of wire, for Peere's death was more in the nature of a tumble from the cliff, but many lives have been lost in braving the waters of the cañon of Niagara.



The *Maid of the Mist*, the first ship ever piloted through the Rapids.

Joel Robinson, captain of the *Maid of the Mist*.

The Lower Niagara River was generally believed to be unnavigable between the falls and Lewiston until 1861. The steamer *Maid of the Mist* was then heavily mortgaged, and Captain Robinson determined not to lose her, if running her up to a Canadian port could avert this catastrophe.

Captain Webb, whose daring attempt to swim the Rapids ended in his death.

Accordingly, on the afternoon of June 6th, with only his two associates, MacIntyre and Jones, aboard, Robinson gave the signal to go ahead, but to the surprise of those who saw the boat her bow was directed right towards the rapids, instead of toward the falls.

Under full steam the little steamer sped down the river and dashed into the waves. She plunged through the rolling whitecaps with a rush, but lost her funnel as the huge waves swept her deck. The voyage was fierce, but short, and in a few minutes the boat was in the whirlpool. She answered to her rudder, and, turning her nose out of the outlet, Robinson soon had her speeding towards the peaceful waters five miles below. Practically uninjured, the boat landed at the wharf at Queenston, and Robinson was a hero.

Nearly a quarter of a century passed before a human being again voluntarily defied the fury of the Whirlpool Rapids, and when this time came the waters dashed his life out as though angered at the victory that Robinson had won. In 1883 Captain Matthew Webb, a famous English swimmer, left his home and crossed the ocean to battle with the powerful currents in the Niagara gorge. On July 24th, 1883, he entered a small boat, with Jack McCloy at the oars, and started down the river.

When yet several hundred feet from the

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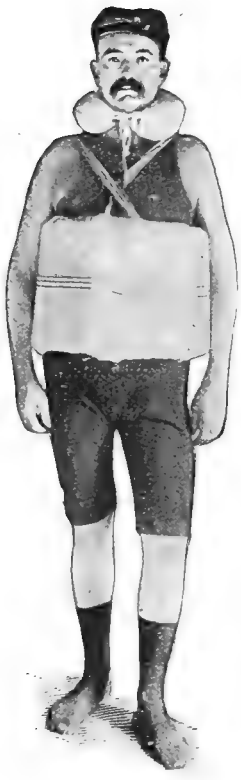


C. D. Graham dressed to swim the Rapids.

rapids, he leaped from the boat, and with nothing on but a pair of red bathing drawers, swam into the foaming waters. Thousands were on the cliff-tops and bridges. As Webb passed under the suspension bridge he swam with much grace and beauty. Right into the crested waves he was hurled as the force of his own strong strokes and the current sent him forward. He was seen to pass a few of the swells, and then he was sucked under by a mighty wave. Four days later his lifeless body was picked up seven miles down the river.

The fate that befell Webb, instead of discouraging others, inspired them with emulation. Among those who aspired to make the trip was Carlisle D. Graham, a Philadelphia cooper. Many jokes were cracked at Graham's expense when in 1886 he announced that he would make a barrel in which he would go through the rapids. In due time Graham, true to his word, appeared at Niagara with a barrel in which he could stand, so weighted that it would float nearly upright. Not only did he go through the Whirlpool Rapids, but he was swept through the entire gorge to Lewiston, the trip occupying thirty-five minutes.

Then he announced that on his next trip he would have his head out of the top of the barrel in full view of the people. This venture left him very little hearing, for a big wave gave him a deafening slap on the side of the head. Graham made a third and a fourth trip that summer, and then for twelve years he prudently rested on his laurels, watching all that was done in a sensational way at Niagara.

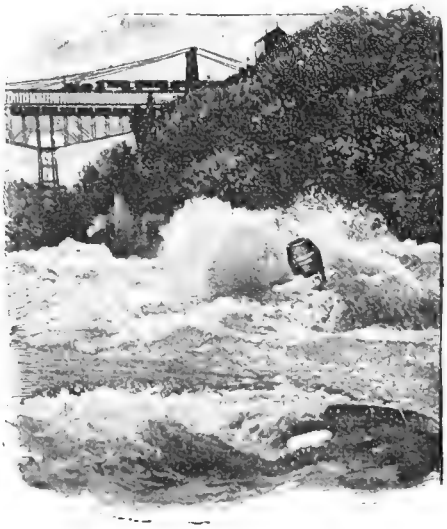
Last summer scored his fifth trip through the rapids, and nearly ended his life, for he was caught in an eddy, where he was held over twenty minutes. The day was very warm, and when Graham finally reached the whirlpool and was taken from the barrel he was nearly suffocated.

The first double trip through the rapids was made by George Hazlett and William Potts, of Buffalo, in 1886. In the same year W. J. Kendall, a Boston policeman, swam through the rapids to the whirlpool, protected only by a life-preserver.

Up to this time the thirst for notoriety in the rapids had been confined wholly to the sterner sex, but in the late autumn of 1886 Miss Sadie Allen, in company with George Hazlett, made a barrel trip through the rapids.

For over fourteen years after this there was a cessation of barrel trips, and in the meantime men who had ideas about making life-saving boats came to the front. Charles A. Percy, of Niagara Falls, was the first. His boat was seventeen feet long, and had a beam of four feet ten inches. At each end there was an air-chamber, and ensconced in one of these air-chambers Percy made three trips through the rapids in 1887, on one of which he was accompanied by William Dittrick. His last voyage was very rough, and he lost his boat.

The next man to bring a boat to Niagara was Robert William Flack, of Syracuse. Flack early met Percy, and the two entered into an agreement to have a race through the gorges in the boats they had made. But as Percy had been through the rapids and inspired confidence in his boat—this was following his first trip — Flack must first inspire equal confidence in his boat by making the voyage.



A unique photograph of the barrel which held Graham, plunging through the Rapids.

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July 4th, 1888, was the date selected. Flack's craft was very light, and those who knew the rapids had their misgivings, but nothing could alter his determination. From the same hotel left by Webb on the day he went to death, Flack walked to the river. In order that he might not fall out should the boat capsize, a harness had been adjusted about his waist. As the boat was about to enter the whirlpool, it was raised high in the air by a huge wave, and then dashed down bottom-side up. Poor Flack was beneath it, and for over an hour this boat, designed to save the lives of others, floated there, rolling and whirling about in the great river pocket.

Percy, witnessing the tragedy from the American side, jumped into a trap and drove to the whirlpool on the Canadian side, where, throwing off his clothes, he leaped into the river and swam for the boat, which was now approaching the shore. When it was righted the lifeless body of Flack was taken from the rigging.

George Hazlett and Sadie Allen, and the cask in which they went together through the Rapids.

The next year Walter G. Campbell appeared at the falls with an open flat-bottomed boat, which he launched above the rapids. His only companion was a black dog. He stood up, using his oar as a paddle, and boldly drifted with increasing speed toward the seething pool. Fortunately, the boat capsized before the worst water was reached, and with a life-preserver around his waist, Campbell just managed to struggle to the shore, but the dog paid the penalty of his master's folly.

For ten years the appetite for notoriety in the waters of the Niagara slumbered. The peace was unbroken until Peter Nissen, known also as "Bowser," came to the falls from Chicago. He announced that he was on a holiday, during which he intended to amuse himself by going through the rapids in a boat he brought with him. With the exception of a cockpit in the centre, it was decked over. There were air-compartments at each end and also at the sides of the cockpit.

On July 9th, 1900, Nissen made one of the prettiest rapid trips ever seen. It was after four o'clock when the *Fool Killer* appeared on the river in tow of a row-boat. After being cast adrift it was caught in an eddy on the Canadian side and had to be started again. It was close to five o'clock when the boat finally entered the rapids. It rode the waves magnificently. Frequently the foaming waters dashed clear over it, but it did not capsize. Reaching the whirlpool Nissen floated for an hour before his boat was caught by men from the shore.

The following day the boat was sent out of the pool, and in the trip down the river the rocks tore away the iron keel, also a small propeller-wheel, which he had intended to operate.

Nissen rebuilt his boat and turned it into the smallest steamboat afloat. About a ton of iron was fitted to the keel. On Saturday afternoon, October 12th, 1901, in the presence of the largest crowd that ever assembled to witness such a performance, Nissen made his second trip through the rapids. His craft, though a steamboat, had no steam up when going through the gorge. It simply floated like a log, and when it approached the rapids Nissen concealed himself under the deck. The funnel was carried away by the first waves, but the opening had been covered

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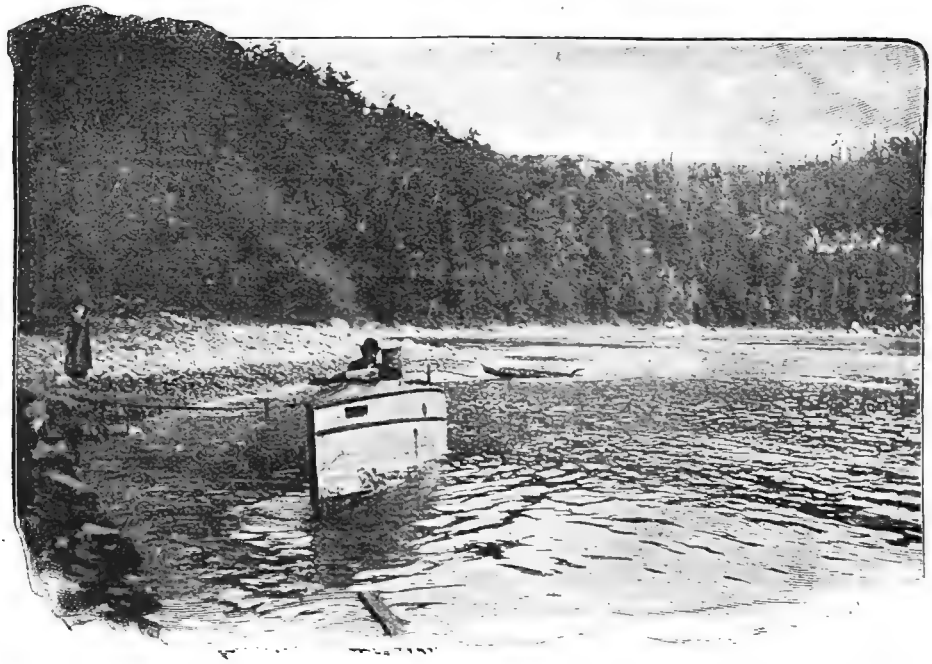

Peter Nissen in the smallest steamship afloat, the *Fool Killer*. Nissen made two attempts to cross the Rapids in this vessel.

in anticipation of such an occurrence. The boat entered the whirlpool safely, but the propeller and rudder were carried away by striking driftwood. Some days later Nissen and Rich made another attempt. But soon the rudder gave out, and the craft was drifting helplessly in the maelstrom. Hour after hour they whirled around, prisoners on the seething water.

As the afternoon waned and the shadows of the stern, silent cliffs crept across the water the men grew more and more desperate. They had kept up steam on the boat, and this made it very hot under deck, and not daring to leave the hatch open, they nearly suffocated. They were at the mercy of the currents, and any moment might be sucked out of the outlet and carried down the river over the route where Nissen's boat had been wrecked before.

About five o'clock that afternoon, the boat floated quite close to the Canadian side. Rich had told Nissen that should opportunity offer he would leap to the shore. Closer and closer the current swept the boat. Rich leaped and landed on a rock, but before Nissen could follow the boat was fifty feet from shore. Night had settled before Nissen could jump to the rocks. The boat is supposed to have sunk in the whirlpool.

The fact that Graham had five times successfully voyaged through the Whirlpool Rapids in a barrel led others to adopt that craft in 1901. The first to follow Graham last summer was Martha E. Wagenfuhrer, the wife of a professional wrestler. She selected Friday, September 6th, as the date of her trip, possibly with the hope that she might have a President of the United States in her audience, for that was the day President McKinley last visited Niagara. Quite a crowd collected, for she was the first woman to try the feat alone. She was rescued after being in the rapids over an hour.

Following Graham's barrel trip on July 14th, 1901, he arranged to give a double performance with Maud Willard. It was planned that Miss Willard should make the barrel trip, and Graham would await her coming through the rapids at the whirlpool on the American side. If the barrel and its occupant were swept out of the pool, Graham was to swim out and go to Lewiston with it; if not, he was to go alone.

At 3.53 p.m. the barrel, with Miss Willard and her pet dog, were in tow of a small boat pulling out in the current. The barrel was set adrift in the middle of the river, and it shot right into the rapids. It received the usual tossing, and in four minutes was floating across the whirlpool. At 4.58 o'clock it was

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Maud Willard, who was suffocated in her barrel when attempting to cross the Rapids.

sucked into a deep whirl, and two minutes later it sank from sight, drawn down into the depths of the whirlpool by the mighty forces at work there. It was a startling spectacle for the hundreds on the banks to witness, and all wondered if the barrel and its human occupant were gone for ever. Soon the barrel jumped far out of the water as it was hurled up by the current, some hundreds of feet distant from where it had gone down, but it resumed its course with the current, drifting far out from the reach of those on shore.

It had not been long in sight before it was observed that it listed to one side, and those who had seen other barrel trips felt that something unusual had taken place inside the craft they were watching. Hopeful that the men on the Canadian side would capture the barrel, Graham, in order to give the moving-picture machine an opportunity to record his swim, was forced to leap into the water before sunset, and while the barrel was still floating in the pool he started for Lewiston. His swim was a success, and he has the credit of being the only person who has swam from the pool to Lewiston. When Graham returned up the gorge he found the barrel and Miss Willard still imprisoned on the revolving waters of the wonderful pool.

Hour after hour passed, darkness fell, and the roar of the whirlpool came with a solemn sound to the men on the shore. Huge fires were built for warmth and illumination. Messengers were sent to Niagara Falls to have the searchlight car of the electric line sent down the gorge, that the waters of the whirlpool might be fully illuminated. This was done, and after a while the great beam of white light shot across the waters from the American to the Canadian side. Now and then the tossing barrel could be seen, tumbling and rolling about on the waters and current. Nine o'clock came, and the woman had been imprisoned in the barrel over five hours.

About 9.20 o'clock that night, an old river hand, standing near one of the bonfires, looked out on the waters of the pool, and observed a piece of wood drifting in toward shore, a sure sign that the currents were changing. Within a short time the barrel hove in sight within the light of the fire, and men swam out and caught it.

When the manhole cover was removed, the little dog leapt out joyously, but Miss Willard was limp and lifeless. Possibly, if the dog had not been in the barrel, there would have been more air for Miss Willard, and she might have lived.

During all these years of sensational feats at

The dog that survived Maud Willard's fatal trip through the Rapids.

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Niagara until the summer of 1901 nobody ever voluntarily tried to go *over* the falls and live. At least two men tried to pretend to make the trip, but without success. When Mrs. Taylor arrived at the falls with a barrel, residents smiled at her statement that she would make the falls trip. Dropping a barrel and a human occupant over the Horseshoe Fall could have but one result, all agreed. But Mrs. Taylor was persistent. The fact that there was a trip through three-quarters of a mile of rapids above the fall before the frightful precipice was reached did not deter her.

On Sunday, October 20th, and again on the following Wednesday, the waiting crowds were disappointed. Owing to a high wind, the barrel could not be towed into the current.

People became sceptical, but the next day Mrs. Taylor was true to her word. Starting out from Port Day, a mile above the falls, she was rowed to Grass Island. There she was strapped in the barrel and towed far out in the Canadian current. Just before the start, the craft was pumped full of air. Fastened to the bottom was a blacksmith's anvil, weighing about one hundred pounds, to keep the barrel upright in the water.

Mrs. Taylor emerging from the barrel in which she made the first successful trip over the Falls.

When within two hundred yards of the Canadian shore, one of the boatmen rapped on the barrel with his oar. This was the signal to Mrs. Taylor that she was to be cast adrift, and a minute later, at 4.5 o'clock, the line was cut. With all speed the boat hurried out of the dangerous current, Great Horseshoe. All who have viewed Niagara know the wild nature of the waters above the falls. Reef after reef extends from shore to shore, over which the tumbling torrent flows in splendid fury.

It is a spectacle that delights the artist's eye, but one to strike terror to the heart of any would-be navigator. There is a descent of fifty-five feet in these whitened waves before the fall is reached, and through them Mrs. Taylor and her barrel shot. Tumbling, rolling, now and then it lingered under the foaming waters at the foot of the reef, but, reappearing, was swept on toward that awful brink, over which no human being had passed and lived.

After the barrel came in sight, plunging down the rapids, little was said by the thousands gathered at every point whence the broad surface of the river could be seen. Each eye was strained to catch the movements of the small dark object tossing on the white-capped waves far out on the river. The last reef was passed. There was nothing but smooth, clear water now between the barrel and the brink of the Horseshoe. It felt the suction of the fall.

Faster, faster it moved, swinging round toward the Canadian side as it was pulled forward by the terrific force of the rushing waters. Just a moment it was visible on the brink, then with lightning-like rapidity it dropped, a distance of one hundred and sixty-five feet, into the seething, foam-lashed waters of the lower river. This broke the tremendous tension of the crowd, and everyone made a wild rush to the edge of the high banks where the gorge could be seen.

Before many of them got in position the barrel had reappeared on the surface of the lower river, and was floating down stream. It was caught in an eddy on the Canadian side, and swung back between the wash of two eddies. It floated there for some minutes before it was caught at 4.40., having passed over the fall at 4.23. The barrel was landed on a rock.

The cover of the manhole was torn off, and when Mrs. Taylor raised her hand to wave to those about, a mighty cheer went up that told the multitude on the cliff that the Falls of Niagara had been conquered—and by a woman. And then Mrs. Taylor landed, bruised, but little injured.

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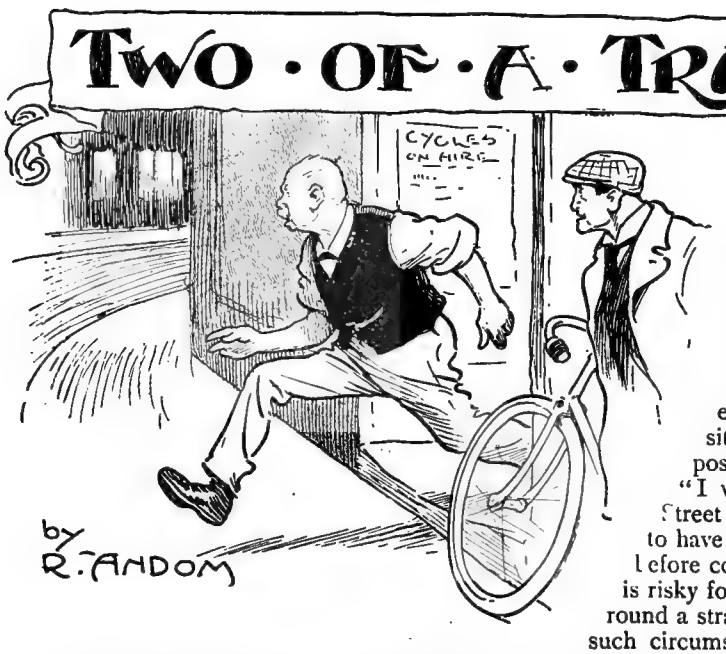
TWO · OF · A · TRADE



"THE most complete and gigantic 'do' that I ever experienced, I think, was over that affair down in Essex last year," said Mr. Tutt musingly.

Mr. Tutt was a burglar more or less—chiefly less I think, for he represented to me that he had seen the error of his ways and repented. It was on account of this same reformation that he was living the pinched and isolated life of virtue, unredeemed by any sort of persistent income, when I came across him and earned his gratitude, and some interesting "copy," by a bit of casual charity.

"Tell me about it," said I simply, and he told me in plain and sometimes emphasised diction, without any unnecessary reserve or qualms of conscience over his breach of moral and constitutional laws.

"There was a little place out Chelmsford way," he began, "I tumbled over in the course of my travels that looked as though it would repay me for any trouble or time I expended over it. It was not pretentious in any way, but it looked snug and comfortable, and, at the time I resolved to pay it a visit, it had the additional attraction of being left entirely to the charge of a doddering old couple while the family were away in London.

"From a professional point of view the job was contemptibly simple and easy; but I was not seeking credit so much as cash just then, and I felt that a simple compact affair such as that promised to be would better suit my purpose than an elaborate showy exploit which would necessitate a lot of preparation and possibly an accomplice.

"I went down from Liverpool Street by a late train so as not to have too much time on hand before commencing operations. It is risky for one of my calling to loaf round a strange neighbourhood under such circumstances, and obviously the less you are seen the better. In the carriage with me were a couple of farmers and an odd looking little curate with watery blue eyes and straw coloured hair, and a meek deferential I'm only-a-worm-but-please-don't-tread-on-me bearing.

"At Brentwood the farmers turned out, and the curate and I had the carriage to ourselves. I gathered during the journey, from a chance question, that my companion was going my way. It was a station on the Southend branch of the Great Eastern, and so when I happened to look out of the window and saw the lights of Ingatestone station whizzing by, I knew that I was not the only victim to the railway arrangements and my own carelessness.

"We were in the Chelmsford and Colchester part of the train. The rest had been slipped at a place called Shenfield, and my observations, which were forcible and free, drew my fellow traveller's attention to his own predicament.

"'This is very unfortunate,' he wailed. 'I simply must get into R— to-night.'

"'If it comes to that, so must I,' I said. 'But I don't see how unless we walk. There is nothing on the line that will take us nearer than Shenfield to-night.'

"'Couldn't we drive?' he queried anxiously. 'I will pay anything in reason. Walking is out of the question; it must be nearly thirty miles across.'

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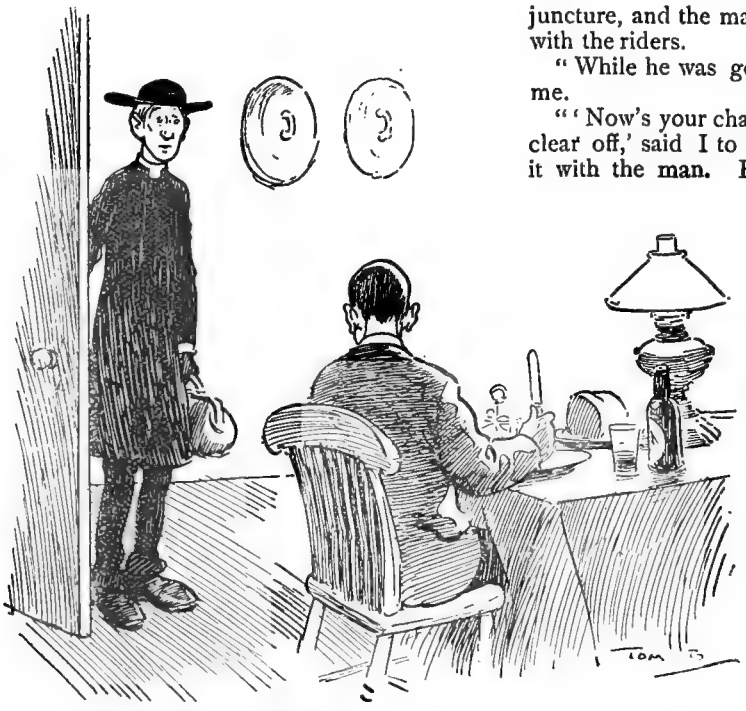

Who should walk into the kitchen but that very curate who had left me in such hurry at Chelmsford.

"'A bit over that,' said I. 'As for driving, I have neither the means nor the inclination; but if I can get my legs over a bicycle I'm all right. You can't ride, I suppose?'

"'Oh yes, I can,' said the curate, bucking up wonderfully to emphasise his assertion of some claim—beyond his breeches—to be classed as a man.

"'Well in that case all we need is a bike,' said I simply.

"'We can hire them, surely,' suggested the curate.

"'May be,' said I, a bit doubtfully. 'They might object to trust us not knowing us; but we can try.'

"To my amusement and the curate's discomfiture and indignation the cycle dealer to whom we applied at Chelmsford did refuse to trust us point blank. He said he had been had that way the week before, and any way he did not care about obliging us because of the rush for hired machines which ensued on Thursday afternoons from emancipated shop assistants. And the next day was Thursday.

"A couple of machines which had been let out, presumably, were brought back at this juncture, and the man went inside to settle up with the riders.

"While he was gone an idea occurred to me.

"'Now's your chance! You take this and clear off,' said I to the curate, 'I will square it with the man. He ought to let us have machines if we want them. Anyway, if he fusses, you will be beyond recall. He will listen to reason, and take the money then, since he can't exercise any choice in the matter.'

"Rather to my surprise, the curate fell in with my suggestion, and a giddy figure he cut as he nipped into the saddle and scorched down the street.

"I gave him three minutes' start, and then I poked my head in at the shop door.

"'Hi, mister,' said I, working up a big excitement, 'that curate chap has sneaked your jigger! Look alive or you'll lose it!'

"The man dropped everything and bolted out of the shop and down the street shedding cuss words as he ran. I reckon he said a lot more when he returned; but I wasn't there to hear, and his other machine was with me.

"It was a bit crocky, but good enough at a pinch, and I made a bit of a circuit round the town, came out in the Maldon road, and got clear off with the machine and the price of its hire as well. It's sinful extravagance to pay for a thing when you can get it fairly heaved at you like that; but I must say I was a bit surprised at that curate chap. Bicycle-sneaking doesn't fit the cloth a bit, and I rather hoped he'd get caught, if only to teach him a lesson in elementary honesty. Ah me! If he only had been—but he wasn't, as I was to learn.

"There is only one printable word which fairly describes that ride I had all by my lonesome, and that is 'rotten.'

"I had a puncture, lost my way twice, did seven miles without a lamp, and nearly got pulled up for it by a policeman, croppered in a ditch and bent the left crank, and landed at last dead tired and ravenous, and not feeling

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at all fit for the job before me. But I wasn't minded to be done out of the fruits of my efforts after all I had gone through, and I pulled myself together and got to work.

"First of all I hid the bike in a hedge opposite the house. I might want it again, I thought. Anyway, it would never do to abandon it on the spot so that the man in Chelmsford could give me away as soon as inquiries came to be made. The police would not trouble very much about a bicycle-sneak; but when a burglary was attached they would be keen enough to run me down, and they would do it too.

"Once inside, my first idea was to lay hold of some provisions, and I was getting on a treat with some bread and meat and a bottle of Bass when who should walk into the kitchen but that very curate who had left me in such hurry at Chelmsford.

"He seemed as surprised as I was; but of course he had not quite the reasons I had for being put out over the meeting. A burglar, if he is worth shucks at the game, has to have more pluck than a soldier and be readier than a politician; he has to lie on the spur of the moment, and lie well, too, or he will get tripped before he has made enough to pay for his kit.

"I nodded affably to give myself time to think out a reasonable and likely explanation for my presence.

"The curate nodded back; but he didn't help me out as I had expected him to do, and now I came to look at him in the full light h ere seemed to be a nasty quick look about his eyes that I didn't half like.

"'Had a nice ride?' said I, helping myself to another glass of beer.

"'Not very,' said he dryly. 'Our friend's machine was a bit out of date. So you arranged it satisfactorily?'

"'Seven and six each and pay carriage back, unless we ride 'em,' said I. 'You needn't bother to settle up now, unless you wish to. It's odd we should both be coming to the same house.'

"This was by way of a feeler, and it answered.

"'It is a bit,' said the curate. 'I'm taking a charge down here, and my cousin invited me to put up with him until I got settled. He's away just now, you know.'

"'Yes,' said I, nodding. 'That's chiefly why I am here. *My* cousin is getting old, and she was afraid of being left alone with so many suspicious people about, so she asked me down until her master returned.'

"'Oh! so you're the housekeeper's guest,' said the curate, looking relieved. I believed the beggar had been suspicious of me. 'She told me that she expected you,' he continued.

"'The deuce she did,' thought I. 'Well, I hope I shan't arrive to-night, that's all.'

"There seemed to be a beastly lot of coincidence in the affair; but I consoled myself with the reflection that it was a fortunate shot, and as the real cousin couldn't get in before the morning, unless he, too, cycled or walked, I had no need to worry myself on that score.

"The curate wasn't half a bad chap—for a curate, and he was friendly, too, though the way he worried the beer when he sat down with a pipe to keep me company during the meal, didn't seem quite the thing for a chap whose chief topic was temperance and the compulsory conversion of public-houses into cocoa-bars.

"I gave him a hint or two, hoping that he would take it and clear off to bed; but it was wasted. He was such a long-winded little fellow, and he prosed away until I fairly fell asleep in my chair. So did he, I suspect, though of course I could not say positively, because it was early morning when I was awakened, and by him. The lamp was out, but I could tell from his voice that he was in a state of intense nervous excitement.

"'Keep silent,' he whispered dramatically. 'There's somebody breaking in. I heard a cart drive up very quietly, and then someone creep round to the back.'

"I listened intently, and sure enough there was somebody at the breakfast-room window. I know the sound of a jimmy on a window sash well enough, and I could have laughed outright at the comedy of it if it had been prudent.

"'Light the lamp,' said I promptly, 'that's the best way of scaring them off.'

"'Hush!' he whispered. 'They have a cart.'

"'What the blazes has that to do with it?' I queried in blank surprise.

"'We may capture them, and then we can drive them to the nearest police-station and get assistance,' he explained.

"I thought he had gone daft with fright; but an idea came to me, and I fell in with his suggestion straight away. 'Set a burglar to catch a burglar, you know!' We went and hid ourselves, I behind the scullery door, and the curate behind the washing machine.

"'Let him fill the cart,' I had whispered. 'We'll have him then red-handed and all the evidence done up nicely and put on

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wheels—for me to get off with comfortably and conveniently,' I added *sotto voce*.

"The curate was wonderfully amenable. I thought it was funk, and I didn't set much store by the assistance he was likely to lend when it came to the tussle.

"That burglar knew his business down to the ground. I got a square look at him through the chink of the door, but I couldn't recognise him, though it was clear that he was an old hand at the game. He cleaned that house out beautifully, and by the time he had gone over it there wasn't enough portable property left behind to be worth the trouble of shifting.

"I thought the time was about ripe for action then, and on his last trip we followed him up and bagged him beautifully with scarcely a scratch between us.

"To my surprise, that curate was a thoroughbred, and he seemed to know more about flooring a man than I did.

"'It's football,' I thought to myself. 'Those university fellows are always great at that, though I should not have expected it of this chap.' All the same I admired the deft way in which he slipped between the fellow's legs and heaved him over for me to grab him and hold him down.

"We tied him up between us, and left him swearing to himself in the chair I had vacated. The curate began to assert himself then, and I got a bit nettled at the masterly way he ordered me round and assumed the entire direction of affairs.

"'Best put those things in the cart,' he said, indicating the valuable silver stuff which had fallen from the burglar's hands when we grabbed him. 'We won't take him along; he might prove obstreperous, and in case he manages to free himself there won't be anything valuable for him to steal.'

"I objected to the ordering, but the plan suited my book excellently, and I did as I was directed, adding a few odds and ends on my own account.

"At the last moment, just when we were ready to drive off, I thought of the bicycle I had hidden. From my point of view it was a bit necessary to take it along with us in case I should not come back; but I didn't quite see how to introduce the subject without arousing suspicion. I need not have worried had I but known it, for the curate's plans included leaving myself as well as the bicycle. When he had said 'we' he was speaking generally, he explained, for of course there was no need for both of us to turn out, and, tied up though he was, he considered that the sullen and discontented man in the chair in the kitchen would be the better and safer for a little personal oversight. This was a facer; but of course I couldn't allow it to be arranged anything like that.

"I protested on the score of an unselfish desire not to have that poor weak little cleric expose himself to the chill night air, and the dark lonely country roads. I said I could manage quite nicely alone, and I would be back in an hour at the latest with someone to take the care and responsibility of our prisoner off our hands.

"The curate got impatient, and tried to insist, so I insisted too, and at last, though with a very bad grace, he agreed that we should go together.

"It was the darkest hour just before the dawn, and with no lights on the trap and a total ignorance of the locality as far as I was concerned, we made very slow travelling. We were on the Rayleigh road, I supposed, and when we turned off sharply to the right I felt certain we were going wrong. I was working my brain for all it was worth to think out a plausible and possible way of shedding that curate, for of course I had no real pressing desire to be run into the arms of the police even under such fair-seeming circumstances as these. And besides I had another game on hand which would not be served in that way at all.

"We drove on and on into a dreary, forsaken strip of country without a cottage anywhere to show that it was populated, and at last just as the day was breaking in at dim misty leaden gleam we came up to a spot where four cross-roads joined, with a finger-post set in a surrounding circle of grass in the centre.

"'Now which is the road,' said the curate thoughtfully. He had been driving in a state of deep abstraction, and not a word passed between us until this minute.

"Of course I didn't know; but it seemed to me that the knowledge of where we were *would* be useful, and the chance of going my way best served if I obtained the information myself, so I volunteered to get down and study the sign post.

"It was difficult to read in the half light, and while I was straining on tip-toe to make out the lettering I heard the smart crack of a whip followed by the rattling of wheels. I tore back cursing my folly; but by then the trap was a hundred yards down the road and being driven in a way that plainly showed the purpose of the curate to get rid of me.

"Even then I had no idea of the real state

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of the case. I was filled with apprehension that my companion had got suspicious of me, and had taken this method of getting me out of the way in the interests of his cousin's property and his own safety.

"'That is why he was so precious anxious to leave me in charge of a comparatively empty house and a desperate burglar,' I reflected bitterly. 'Snaky brute. Surprises me a man of his cloth should stoop to such dirty, low-down dealing.'

"I was sold, desperately sold; but it wasn't any use hanging round there unless I wanted to lose liberty as well as loot.

"Going back to the finger-post again, I discovered that we must have been driving in a circuit. We were within half a mile of where we had started. That solved the problem of how to get away for me at least, which had been worrying me pretty extensively. So back I went at a jog-trot, feeling very sick and dog tired.

"It was close on seven when I reached the house, and rather to my surprise it was still quiet. Perhaps the curate had lost himself again. Anyway he had not got back with the police, and taking a cautious survey round I sneaked up to the back of the house, and peeping in saw the burglar still sitting tied up in the chair in an attitude of sullen dejection.

"I am a kind-hearted chap when it doesn't interfere with business, and anyhow he was a member of my profession, so I took the chances and wasted several precious minutes in going in and cutting him loose.

"'No time to explain,' I said. 'We are on the same lay; but luck isn't particularly good to either of us this time. Cut off and get clear is my advice. Never mind the trap.'

"'I don't,' said he briefly. 'T'aint mine, anyhow. Ta, ta, and thanks, cully.'

"He nodded and was gone, and I followed him, fished out my bicycle, and set off along the Chelmsford road.

"For want of something better to do, I suppose—the thing wasn't worth stealing—I resolved to be honest and ride that beastly old boneshaker back to its owner, and a gay sort of time I had of it. The morning turned in wet, and before I had got ten miles

"Where did you get that machine?"

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along the road, I was in the midst of a drizzling rain which wetted me through without giving me any pretence for getting down for it.

"I plunged on through the mud and drizzle and came into Chelmsford about ten. Just below the market place a policeman stopped me.

"'Where did you get that machine?' he demanded.

"'Hired it,' said I. 'It's not good enough to own and not worth stealing. I am taking it back now. You can come with me if you like.'

"'I'm coming,' said he, in a nasty suspicious sort of way.

"We went! My reception was not cordial, and at first the man was for giving me in charge there and then; but the policeman wasn't half a bad chap, though thick-headed. I explained all about getting in the wrong train and that I had wanted the machine to go over and see my poor old mother who was very sick, and he took my part. He told the man he had best take my money and let the matter rest.

"The bicycle man stuck out on the score of the other machine; but, as I said, that was nothing to do with me. I had only met the curate casually in the train, and if he had sneaked anything he had better answer for himself about it.

"The policeman said this was only reasonable, and after that the man seemed inclined to let it go at that, until, in attempting to settle up, I found that I had been cleared out of every brass farthing I had about me, and my watch and chain had gone as well. Then the band played again, and in the end I was marched off to the station pending inquiries.

"Naturally I was in a blue funk, for I expected that curate to turn up and give me away; but not a sound or sign of him came along. So I got some cash down from London and squared up for the machine, and they were forced to let me go.

"I don't know what became of that curate, but I do know that the cart was found deserted near Wickford, and not a trace of the property that I had seen put into it was ever discovered."

"And you think," I suggested.

"Think," said Mr. Tutt scornfully, "I don't need to think. I *know* that I was a blank fool, and that, curate or no curate, that smug little beast made one of the best hauls of the season, and included my cash and property in his catch. I made some inquiries out of curiosity afterwards, and found, as I expected, that there wasn't any curate cousin in the family any more than there was a housekeeper's cousin, though I believe that the fellow was as much taken in by me as I was by him — only he had the best of the deal."

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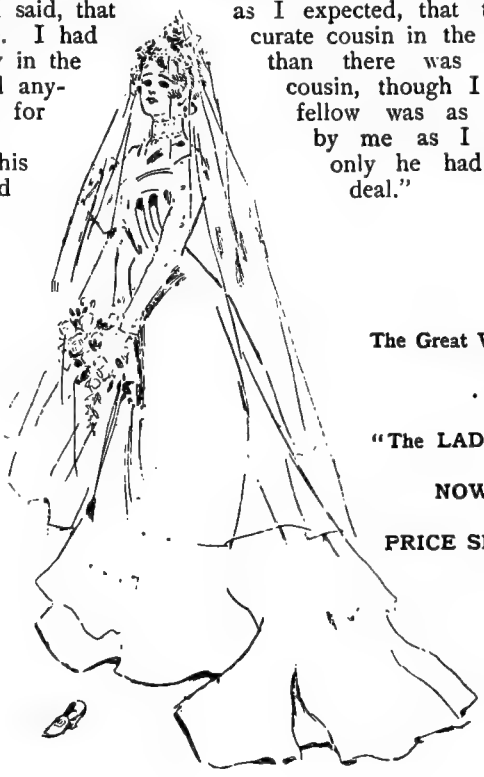

The Great Wedding Number

. . of . .

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M. Olivos, the man with the iron eyebrows, wearing the apparatus by the help of which he does his extraordinary performance.

THE MAN WITH THE IRON EYEBROWS.

One of the Most Marvellous Performances in the World. M. Olivos can Lift Immense Weights and Drag along a Carriage with Five People in it with his Eyebrows.

By Edouard Charles.

Illustrated with Photographs.

Supposition credits each of us with having a double somewhere on earth, but although it is a bold thing to declare against a popular belief, I do so in this instance, and dare say that the perfect counterpart of M. Gregor Olivos, "the man with the iron eyebrows," has yet to be created.

There are many so-called strong men, but none of the past or present have developed such unique strength nor displayed it in so remarkable a manner as this ocular Sandow, who does with his eyebrows what other Samsons can only do with their arms.

To lift with the eyebrows alone a weight of 244lbs., and with the eyebrows to draw a carriage containing five persons, are feats which one might feel safe in declaring impossible, but this is just what Gregor Olivos has done every day for more than a year past.

Lest anyone should run away with the notion that the eyes of M. Olivos are so wonderful that he achieves these extraordinary feats by some newly-discovered attractive force diffused through his optics, that weights are lifted and carriages drawn along by his merely gazing at them, let me say at once that the notion may be immediately dismissed. It is solely by the sheer muscular strength of his eyebrows, harnessed, so to speak, to a pair of spectacles, the like of which has certainly never been seen before, that he performs these feats of strength.

The spectacles are an ingenious apparatus of M. Olivos' own invention, none too pretty to look at, and by no means as comfortable to wear as the ordinary *pince-nez*—that is, of course, for any but their originator, who finds them now no more inconvenient than those he wears for his weak sight.

He was forced to invent them himself, because when he determined to create a novelty by appearing in public as a lifter of weights with his eyebrows, the apparatus he required was not on sale.

M. Olivos screws his eyebrows between the two horizontal steel bars of this apparatus. At the end of the triangular fittings attached to these bars are hung the weights he has to lift.

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Preparing M. Olivos for the performance.

They consist of two short bars of steel covered with chamois leather, the top one of which works up and down on a couple of screws, to which the bottom bar is firmly fastened. Beneath this bottom bar, on either side, just where it fits over the eyes, is immovably fixed half of a steel ring, also covered with thin leather, and from each of these protrudes a steel hook.

When M. Olivos made his first pair of these curious spectacles to begin his experiments, he neglected to cover them with leather or any other material; he just powdered the bars that were to fit on his eyebrows with resin, fixed on the spectacles, and started work.

The resulting experience would have been sufficient to have convinced most people that eyebrow-lifting was a performance better left alone, and M. Olivos was compelled to abandon his practice for a time. When he came to remove the "spectacles" he removed also the larger part of his eyebrows! As he assured me, it was a very painful experience; still, it did not prevent him resuming work when Nature had kindly provided him with a fresh layer of skin. While resting, the idea of covering the frame with leather had struck him.

It is necessary to explain that the under semi-circular pieces of the spectacles are pressed down behind the lower parts of the eyebone forming the under part of the eye socket, while the eyebrows are pulled forward between the two bars above. The top bar running on the screws is clamped tightly down with two keys not unlike those used in winding up clocks, and this fixes the apparatus so firmly that no force could pull it from its place without, of course, considerably injuring the wearer.

All this sounds so simple that many might be tempted to emulate the performance of M. Olivos, but they would want one thing to be successful, and that is the enormous muscles which he has developed just above the eyebrows.

"Feel," he insisted, catching one between his finger and thumb and pulling it forward an inch, and, feeling, I found it as solid as a thick piece of india rubber. "This," he went on, "is a common, natural gift more pronounced in myself than in one man in a million, and these muscles constant training has abnormally developed."

It is not pleasant to see a person frown at any time, and when M. Olivos frowned it was a revelation; his eyes disappeared almost completely behind the huge muscles the action threw forward. I doubt if Jupiter could have done better.

M. Olivos appears on the stage attired in the picturesque costume of a Greek, and although "billed" as an American, he is really a native of Austria, hailing from Dalmatia, that country where the women go out and till the soil, while the men rest at home, perform the usual feminine household duties, and utilise their time in manufacturing tapestry. It is only from such a province that one could

M. Olivos lifting with his eyebrows a weight of 244lbs.

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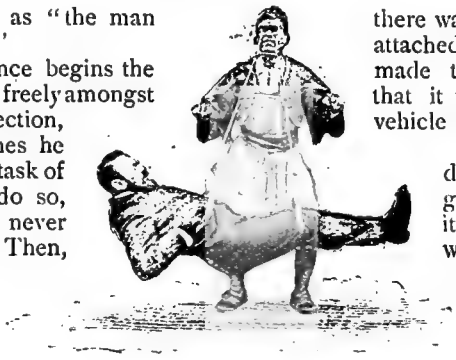
expect such a novelty as "the man with the iron eyebrows."

Before the performance begins the spectacles are circulated freely amongst the audience for inspection, and anyone who imagines he would like to essay the task of M. Olivos is invited to do so, an invitation which has never yet been accepted. Then, fixing the apparatus, the performer attaches thereto the triangular steel fittings seen in the photographs. These have hooks at the ends, which are connected with the objects to be lifted or drawn along.



It needs little effort to enable M. Olivos to lift a seventeen stone man.

M. Olivos can lift with little effort a gentleman of seventeen stone, and the lifting is done by sheer force of the muscles over his eyes without any aid from his arms. For obvious reasons, as little of the weight as possible is allowed to rest upon the tops of the cheek bones where the rings rest upon the eye sockets.

The carriage he pulls is always a vehicle hired in the town where he happens to be performing, and anyone is at liberty to examine it.

"I do not take my own landau or victoria with me, because people might imagine that there was some hidden mechanism attached to it, by which it was made to progress forward, and that it was not I who pulled the vehicle myself."

Naturally I was anxious to discover how M. Olivos first got his idea, and learned that it occurred to him while he was performing as a "human serpent" in Vienna some two years since. At a fair held there one day he saw in a side-show some Hindoos, who performed the feat of lifting small children inclosed in netting by the aid of wires supposed to be passed through the flesh of the face just below the eyes. He thought he would go one better, made his spectacles, and began practising, and for eight months continued to do so before he made his *début* at Barcelona.

What is the effect of this performance on the eyesight? M. Olivos shrugged his shoulders when the question was put to him, and confessed that his sight was not so good as when he commenced performing. His sight has weakened and he now has to wear glasses, though not continually, and he has the unpleasant satisfaction of knowing that he will probably lose his sight altogether.

To drag a carriage with five people in it across the stage is M. Olivos' most extraordinary feat.

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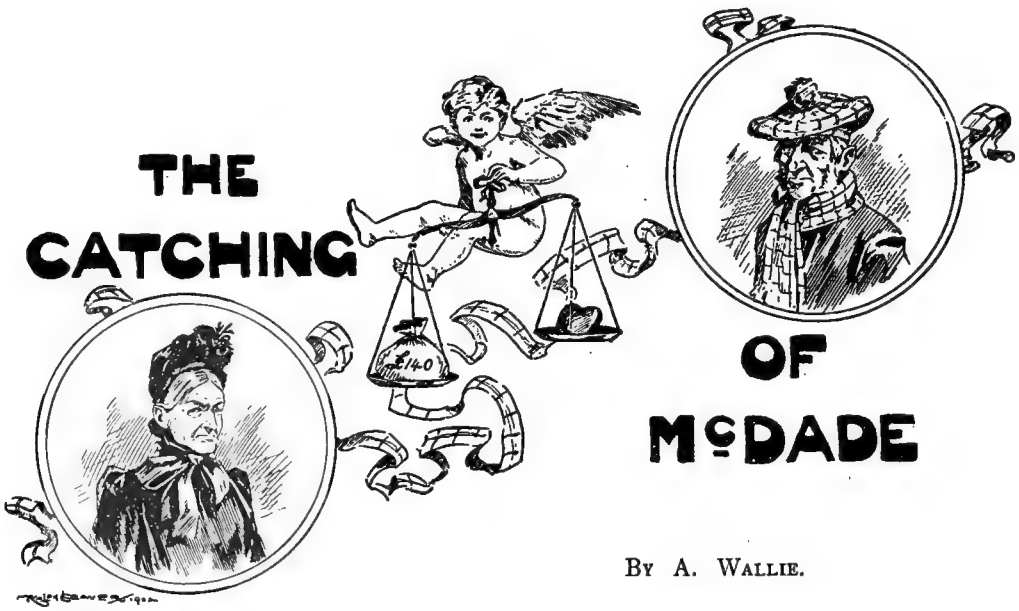

THE CATCHING OF McDADE

By A. Wallie.

The Sheriff Court of Auchtercroy was crammed to its utmost capacity with an anxious audience agape to hear the evidence in the local breach of promise action of Shiels *v.* McDade. The defendant—a stout and not uncomely young farmer—was in the witness box, facing Mr. Parlane, the lawyer on the other side, with a misplaced confidence born of the facility with which he had answered the few simple queries previously addressed to him by his own solicitor.

"Now, Mr. McDade," said Parlane, beginning the cross-examination with suavity, "have you been going about Miss Shiels' residence of Muckle Mains for some time, with considerable regularity?"

"I wouldna' say," the witness admitted; "it's but neebourlike, I should."

"Quite so; and was it solely out of neighbourly feeling that your calls became more frequent?"

McDade fidgeted on the stand.

"I micht have been sorry for Jan—for Miss Shiels,"—he stumbled over the unaccustomed title—"bein' a lone woman, wi' naebody but her niece, Maggie Maxwell, for company. Aye," he reiterated assuredly, "I peetied them."

"'And pity is akin to love,'" quoted the lawyer, with a smile towards the bench. "But you said 'them.' Were your calls not on Miss Shiels?"

McDade looked round about as though for inspiration, but did not answer. The question was repeated.

"They micht be," McDade answered, looking very uncomfortable.

"Did you meet Miss Shiels elsewhere very often?"

"She was aye meeting me."

"You met anyhow. Did you do so on the occasion of the Mission Soiree in Auchtercroy last Hogmanay?"

"I was in the toon that nicht."

"Quite so. Did you drive the lady home?"

"She met in wi' me, and tell't me her boots was thin, and that it was a lang walk—and——"

"That will do. After driving her to her own gate, did you wait there whilst she went into the house?"

"I did. It was cauld drivin', and she kenned what I needed, and said that she'd fetch a drappie oot tae me, seein' I couldna' leave the beast. I took it real kind o' her."

"And when she came out again did your gratitude assume the form of asking her to be your wife?"

McDade shuffled uneasily; this was the crucial point, and his conscience made a coward of him.

"I micht hae said we micht dae waur," he admitted at last, "but that was all."

"Oh! was it?" returned Parlane, shaking a monitory forefinger at him. "Now, Alexander McDade—on your soul and conscience remember—was that really all? Did you not, at the same time and place, kiss the prosecutor?"

The badgered man mopped his hot face with a brilliantly red handkerchief.

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"I did," he allowed gaspingly; "but I couldna' see her face."

Miss Shiels, sitting behind her so'icitor, hid her rather unprepossessing features in her hands as a snigger ran through the audience. But the lawyer went on with triumphant severity.

"I believe that, subsequently, you visited Miss Shiels more frequently than ever. Did similar endearments pass on these occasions?"

"Aye," retorted the witness bitterly, "whiles, when I wasna' lookin', she kisséd me."

The laughter which ensued was reproved by the judge, and Mr. Parlane summed up his case. It was a plain one enough, and the sheriff decided for the prosecutor; the damages being assessed at £140.

McDade left the court a most disconsolate man. The money loss went sorely against the grain with him; but Maggie Maxwell, not Janet Shiels, had been the real attraction for him at Muckle Mains, and he felt that fate had dealt hardly with him. His attentions to the aunt had been merely diplomatic in intention, for Miss Shiels was known to view with disfavour any suitors whose declared object might entail the loss to her of the companionship and services of her niece. And McDade, in attempting to hoodwink her, had himself been trapped.

For appearance sake he had come in on foot to attend the trial, and, to escape the playful commiseration of his acquaintances, he set out to walk homewards again immediately it concluded. But half way through Croy Glen he sat down to meditate, over a pipe, regarding the course he should pursue.

"I'll tak' Maggie frae her," he said half aloud, "it'll be tit for tat tae that auld hizzy, Janet; my money'll no' pay her for the loss o' Maggie. Forbye the lass is a good lass, and fair daft aboot me."

He looked up from this consoling cogitation to see Miss Shiels herself approaching. She stopped opposite him, her tall, scant figure drawn erect, and her yellow face, with its pale blue eyes, looking its worst.

"A bonnie fule ye made o' yersel' this day, Sandie McDade," she began. "It should be a lesson tae ye."

McDade was in no temper for chivalry.

"Gang ye'r gait and leave me," he answered shortly. "It's worth it all tae be quit o' ye."

The woman appeared surprised at this mood in him.

"You needna' say that," she expostulated,

Miss Shiels herself approaching.

Google

A girl stepped to meet him.

with curious hesitancy. "A bit matter o' business needna pairt auld friends."

"Gi' wa'," he repeated stubbornly. "I want nae mair ado wi' ye,"

"It's a lot o' siller," she continued, for she was as obstinate as he. "One hundred and forty notes—forbye expenses—isna' easy paid, Sandie."

He remained sullenly silent, whilst she still lingered.

"I've been thinkin'," she said, as with compunction, "since seein' you sittin' there sae sorrowful like, that ye needna' pay at all—unless"—and here she paused—"it's yer wull."

Her voice still held a note of hesitancy, and the man looked up wonderingly.

"What way?" he demanded curtly.

Momentarily the woman's eyes looked into his; then they fell again, not finding what they sought.

"Just—just," she stammered, colour flooding her ill-complexioned cheeks, "if—if ye would do what ye promised by the gate, Sandie, I wouldna' seek the siller, and byganes micht be byganes for me."

McDade stared open-mouthed; then, at last, he rose and stood beside her. Dusk had fallen, and the chastened light of the lingering gloaming lent a fleeting beauty even to ill-favoured Janet Shiels. That was not without influence upon the man, but other motives also actuated him.

"If that's ye'r fancy," he returned slowly, with the deliberation of a bargain-driver, "I'm no' sayin' it michtna' be managed—but I'm promised tae Maggie."

The woman started at the information.

"You've been free wi' promises," she commented drily, "but I'll manage Maggie—she'll no' set up against me. Only mind, ye," the speaker added fiercely, "she'll no' bide wi' us after."

"Nae fear," McDade exclaimed, laughing uneasily, "but how's this bargain tae be hanselled—I'm no' wanting another law-plea."

"I think," Janet answered diffidently, coming close to him, "I think ye micht—"

Her meaning was too obvious to miss—he stooped and kissed her on the lips. There was no enthusiasm in the caress, but she caught his arm, and continued blithely.

"We're nigh hand the manse," she suggested. "Will ye seal the bargain by giving in the banns? There can be nae mair aboot the siller after that?"

"Aye," concurred McDade, set now solely upon saving his money; and, arm in arm, the pair proceeded to carry out Janet's proposal. Having accomplished it, they went on their way, still linked together, towards Muckle Mains, where they parted—the woman pleased with her success, the man with an irksome conscience.

That he had reason for this last became evident ere he had gone far alone. From the depths of shadow underneath a clump of trees a girl stepped to meet him.

"Sandie," she cried, "you've been lang o' coming. Did ye no' mind ye trysted me here. What's the verdict?"

Google

She had caught both his hands, and he looked down into her upturned face, framed in a halo of golden hair.

"Bad for me, Maggie," he replied clumsily. "Dooms bad. It's given for Janet Shiels, wi' nigh twa hundred pounds in damages and expenses."

"But we can be married?" she exclaimed.

"The Shirra couldna' hinder that," he returned petulantly. "But whaur am I tae find siller to marry ye on, lass, after this?"

"We can wait— sae lang as it's settled."

McDade was silent, marvelling how to proceed.

"Ye see, Maggie," he said awkwardly at last, "if I paid Janet I couldna' spare tae spend mair nae gait—it would be fair ruination."

The girl moved a pace away, but made no comment.

"Sae I'm thinking," he continued persuasively, "that me and you better just be friends, and nae mair, in time comin'."

The insincerity in his tones roused the girl.

"That's not a'," she answered quickly. "You'd best mak a clean breast o't, Sandie McDade."

"Aweel," he returned, stung by her peremptoriness, "maybe sae — ye'll hear soon enough, onyway. I've made it up wi' your Auntie Janet, if you maun know now—the cries is in already," he added, in order to stifle unpleasant discussion.

The girl staggered a little, holding her hand to her bosom, and he saw her face whiten in the moonlight. Then it hardened, and she spoke again.

"Sae tae save ye'r dirty money," she said, her voice quivering with scorn, "ye've promised Aunt Janet at last. It'll mak' a bonnie story."

"How that?" queried McDade in wonderment.

"Just that ye ne'er asked Janet Shiels tae marry ye till this day. Since ye set siller afore me, I'll no' greet tae lose ye, but Auntie's been lang after ye, and she's catched ye neat."

"The lassie's gaun crazy!" ejaculated the exasperated McDade. "I askit her afore. by the gate side, last Hogmanay nicht, and lost the case the day because I couldna' deny it."

"Ye did not," cried his late sweetheart hysterically. "That was me. Auntie bid me throw on her cloak and tak' the drop spirits oot tae ye. I tell't her, when I came in, that you had said we micht dae waur than marry, and had kissed me. She said ye took me for her —as I thocht mysel' till ye started courtin me after. I'll be biddin' ye good-night, Mr. McDade. A merry wedding, and all happiness wi' Auntie Janet —she's catched ye fine."

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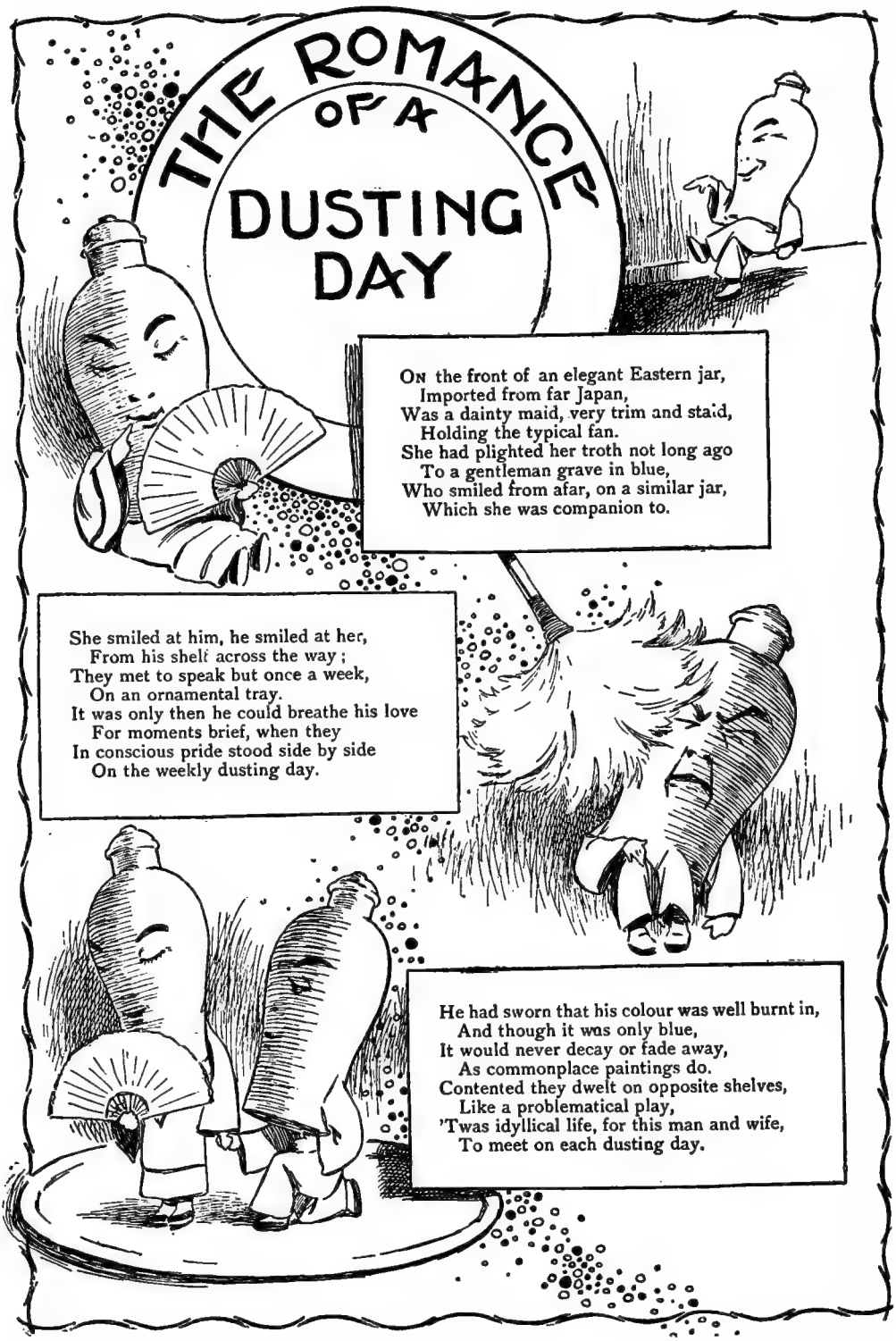
THE ROMANCE OF A DUSTING DAY
On the front of an elegant Eastern jar,
Imported from far Japan,
Was a dainty maid, very trim and staid,
Holding the typical fan.
She had plighted her troth not long ago
To a gentleman grave in blue,
Who smiled from afar, on a similar jar,
Which she was companion to.
She smiled at him, he smiled at her,
From his shelf across the way;
They met to speak but once a week,
On an ornamental tray.
It was only then he could breathe his love
For moments brief, when they
In conscious pride stood side by side
On the weekly dusting day.
He had sworn that his colour was well burnt in,
And though it was only blue,
It would never decay or fade away,
As commonplace paintings do.
Contented they dwelt on opposite shelves,
Like a problematical play,
'Twas idyllical life, for this man and wife,
To meet on each dusting day.

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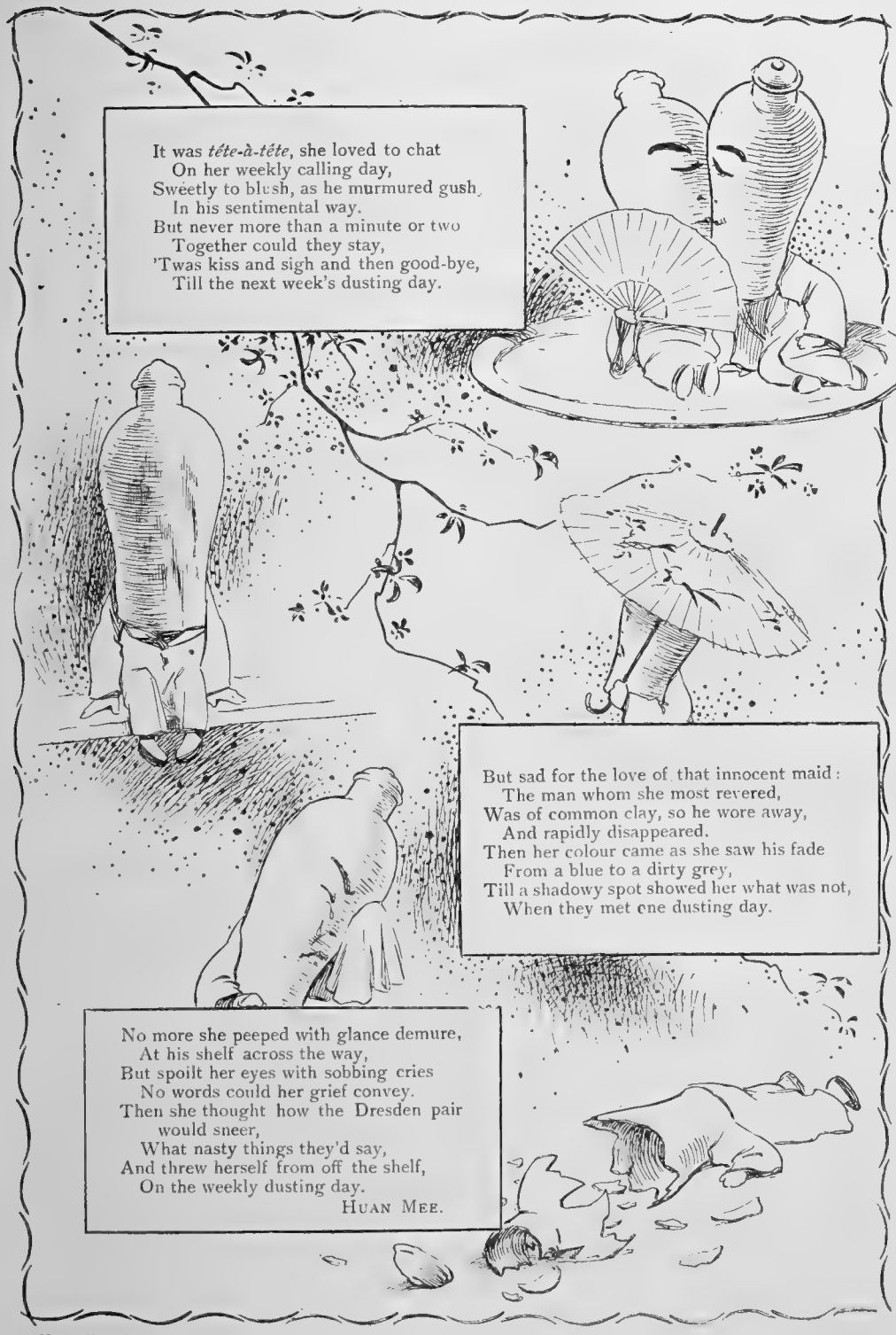


It was *tête-à-tête*, she loved to chat
On her weekly calling day,
Sweetly to blush, as he murmured gush,
In his sentimental way.
But never more than a minute or two
Together could they stay,
'Twas kiss and sigh and then good-bye,
Till the next week's dusting day.

But sad for the love of that innocent maid:
The man whom she most revered,
Was of common clay, so he wore away,
And rapidly disappeared.
Then her colour came as she saw his fade
From a blue to a dirty grey,
Till a shadowy spot showed her what was not,
When they met one dusting day.

No more she peeped with glance demure,
At his shelf across the way,
But spoilt her eyes with sobbing cries
No words could her grief convey.
Then she thought how the Dresden pair
would sneer,
What nasty things they'd say,
And threw herself from off the shelf,
On the weekly dusting day.

HUAN MEE.

Google

Belinda and the Rocking Chair

An account of a wonderful new Rocking-Chair, which can assume almost any position you wish it to.

By R. Saxon.

Belinda, my wife, loathes patents, and she is always telling me (an inventor) so. Naturally it hurts my feelings.

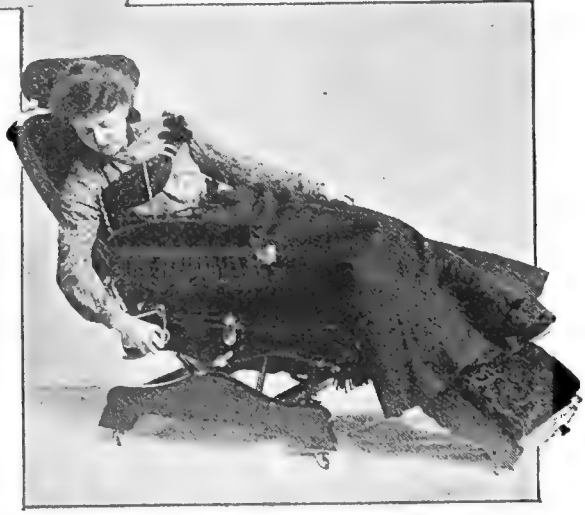
I remember once reading to her Max Adeler's funny story about a patent combination step-ladder which by the operation of a set of springs was transformed into an ironing-table, again into a comfortable settee for the kitchen, and then back again into a step-ladder.

On the morning after its arrival its owner's servant mounted it in order to remove the gas globes. The weight of her body put the springs in motion and the ladder was converted into an ironing table and the servant into a pulp. Still it was deemed advisable to take advantage of the ironing-table phase, and half-a-dozen shirts were waiting to be ironed when someone knocked against the machine. It gave three or four jerks, tore the shirts into rags, hurled the flat irons out of the window, and became a step-ladder again.

The next day it was used as a settee, but being somewhat overloaded it turned several somersaults, jammed

It makes the cosiest armchair imaginable.

If you prefer to lean slightly backwards when reading, nothing is easier.



Without getting up, you turn a handle which transforms the chair into a lounge.

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itself against the window-sash, and became an ironing table.

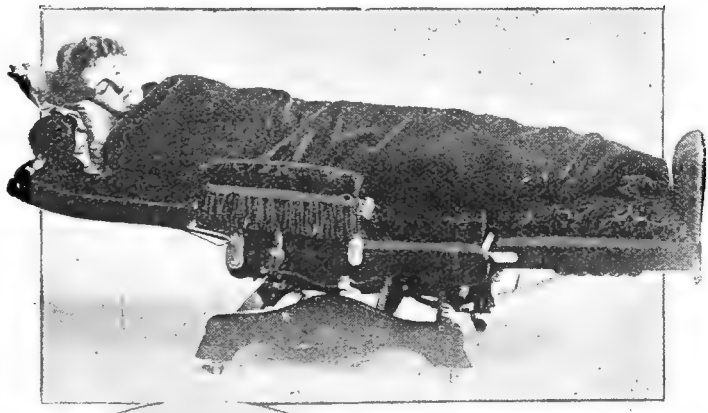
The next day it was for sale again.

Belinda listened in amused silence. Then she remarked that the writer was entirely justified in casting ridicule on all inventions and inventors, that she hated patents like poison, and that nothing would induce her to have a patent (except my automatic curling-tongs) in the house.

"You mean you wouldn't sit down on a patent chair, for instance?"

"No," she said.

I smiled, and about a week later, taking advantage of Belinda's temporary absence from home, I imported something large and weighty, carried by two men, into her boudoir, and when the hour of her return approached I hid myself in my study, told the servants to say I was out, and waited.



The Marlborough Rocking-Chair makes a comfortable couch for an afternoon nap.

It has a little table attached to it which comes in handy at afternoon tea.

Belinda came in, and asked if I were at home.

Receiving an answer in the negative she sauntered into her boudoir. I heard a cry of surprise and then an impatient rustle of curiosity. Then I stole away on tip-toe.

Half-an-hour later I peeped in.

Belinda was sitting in the cosy embrace of the latest thing in patent rocking-chairs, looking the picture of comfort. She had lowered the back, attached the head-rest and ottoman and transformed the chair into a lounge.

It would try the reader's patience too much were I to enumerate the various positions Belinda managed to get that chair into that afternoon. It boasted one hundred changes of shape, and I believe she tried them all. She sat, reclined, lolled, wrote, took her afternoon tea, rolled herself up in a rug for a short nap, and finally making use of the book-sustaining apparatus attached to the chair, started on the latest novel.

I peeped into the room unnoticed,

If you want to write a letter you have only to make use of a miniature desk which is also a part of the table.

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then made a *détour* through the back door, inserted my latch-key in the front one and entered.

Belinda looked up.

"Oh, John," she gushed, "thank you *so* much for this lovely surprise. . ."

"Ah," I interrupted rudely, "I see my new chair has come."

"*Yours?*" Belinda's face was a picture.

"Yes, mine — for my study. It is quite the newest thing. It is the most comfortable piece of furniture in existence."

"Did you invent it?"

"No, I wish I had. I am merely going to enjoy it. I would have bought you one for your boudoir, but as you loathe patents and would sooner die than sit on a patent chair it was not much good."

"But, John—I—I——"

"What, dear?"

"I have been trying it myself, and I think it is simply perfect."

If you wish to read, a book-support is at your service.

Two people can very comfortably make use of the Marlborough Rocking-Chair, the one seated on the chair itself, the other on its lower portion, which is detachable.

"How very rash of you—it might have turned and rent you."

"Don't be silly, John, I think it is a perfect duck of a chair, and, oh, John! I can't live without it."

"Well, you needn't, for I've bought it to add to the comfort of both our lives. But remember—it's a patent."

The last glimpse I had of her to-day when I left home was sitting cosily with her friend Mrs. Armstrong, to whom she had just enlarged in glowing language on the comfort, beauties and advantages of our new rocking-chair.

Well, we are both the proud possessors of the wonderful chair. Some of the cosiest hours of my life I spend lounging on it, a pipe in my mouth and my legs in the air.

And for a cosy smoke this chair is unrivalled.

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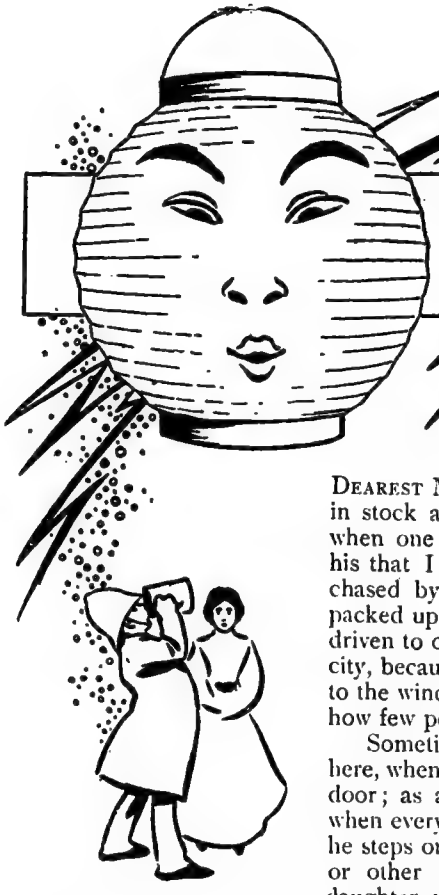

THE LETTERS OF A JAPANESE LANTERN TO ITS PARENT

DISCOVERED AND TRANSLATED BY CHARLES CUTTING.

DEAREST MOTHER,—I have secured a situation at last. After being in stock at the warehouse for so long it was quite a relief for me when one of the porters came round and remarked to a friend of his that I and one-hundred-and-forty-three more had been purchased by a public decorator. We, the whole gross of us, were packed up in several big boxes and then placed on a vehicle and driven to our new home. I think our new master's place is in the city, because the nights are so quiet. Being on a shelf quite close to the window I can see the street, and it is surprising to discover how few people there are about after business hours.

Sometimes the policeman on duty over the way steps across here, when everything is quite still, and he tries the handle of the door; as a rule he finds the door is fastened, but occasionally, when everything is even more still than usual, the door opens and he steps on the mat, which is just inside, and receives something or other in a large mug from pretty Ethel, the caretaker's daughter, which he always drinks up in a very rapid manner.

This is, of course, very wrong of Ethel, for she is supposed to be engaged to be married to a worthy young man named Ernest Phonington, the son of a wealthy public caterer, who is Mayor of Houndsdyke, an East-end suburb. I heard all this from Ethel's mother, who is always boasting of her daughter's prospects to her friends. My own private opinion is that Ethel loves the policeman more than she loves Ernest, who, like his father, the mayor, is very short and very stout, and not very handsome. Yet Ethel's mother says that girls laugh at little fat men without knowing why they laugh, forgetting that long legs and long backs are not absolutely necessary parts of all good husbands.

To-morrow we are all going out on hire to a garden *fête*, and I will let you hear what I see when I get back here again and have the inclination to write.

Your daughter,

(Six days elapse.) MIMOSELLE.

DEAREST MOTHER,—I am back again in my place on the shelf near the window. Since I last wrote to you I have had some new experiences. When I and the others were unpacked by the men who were carrying out the preparations for the garden-party I was carried off all by myself, and hung up on a nail in the centre of the ceiling of a tiny summer-house. I thought I should be very lonely there, all by myself, because the summer-house stood at the very bottom end of the garden, right away from the house and the croquet lawn. But, much to my surprise, I found I had been put into a position that all the young couples seemed to make for.

Strangely enough, however, I was never made the companion of more than one couple at a time. Ever so many couples walked up to the entrance and just peeped inside, yet they always went away directly they saw that another couple were already in possession. There was quite room enough for at least three couples, too. Couples don't seem to take up more room than single persons when they're sitting on a seat in a summer-house.

As the dusk of evening drew near, one of the gardeners lit me up by means of a little

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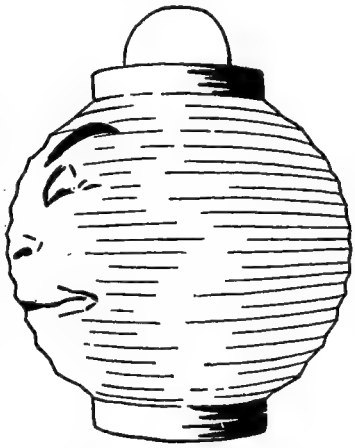
night-light, and I seemed to attract more couples than ever. I shall not soon forget one of the couples. The man was short and a long way round the waist, and he entered the summer-house with a pretty girl, who I was astonished to find was



Ernest knelt down on one knee.

Ethel. I then looked more closely at the man, and, sure enough, it was Ernest Phonington. I had not recognised him at first in his smart evening dress. He talked to Ethel for a long, long time, and he kept trying to get one of her hands to hold clasped within his own, but she said she was already too hot.

The only answer he got from Ethel to his questions was a solemn shake of the head. I could see that she was amused by his attentions and that she was wishing her policeman would come along. At last Ernest knelt down on one knee in the dust, and put his hand on his heart, and his head a good deal to one side, but Ethel jumped up suddenly and ran off laughing quite loudly.

After a moment or two the devout lover rose to his feet again and talked louder and faster than ever to himself, and he smacked the table with a stick, and poked it through the one little window pane, breaking it utterly beyond repair. Just as he was going out of the summer-house he noticed that someone was standing quite near to the door, and this rather took him by surprise, for he immediately assumed a changed air and started to hum a tune, and he said he had been in the summer-house trying to catch an enormous rat! The other man smiled at this, and said he thought he could smell one!

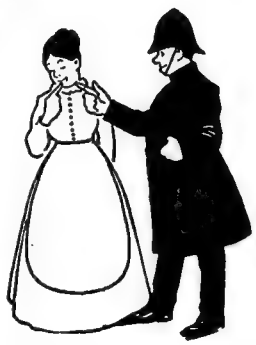
Then another couple came into the summer-house and said that Ernest and Ethel had only been admitted to the grounds because Ernest's father was doing the refreshments. I am glad that Ernest did not hear that remark, for it would have made him still more angry.

Your daughter,
MIMOSELLE.

(Two days elapse.)

DEAREST MOTHER,—Although I have only been back on my shelf by the window two days, I am going out again this afternoon. The affair is a mayoral function. The Mayor himself (who, by the way, is Ernest's father) was here in the showroom this morning, and he told our master that the whole business was a bore, but that he is obliged to do as he is expected. It seems that someone bearing a distinguished name is going to visit Houndsdyke and that there is going to be a festive party at the Town Hall in the visitor's honour. The Mayor told our master that the decorations would have to be cheap, because of late there have been so many calls made on his own and on his friends' purses.

Our master said his terms would be found very low indeed, and as he said it, he winked his eye at the sub-manager, who was standing near by. I think, judging from what the mayor said, that the distinguished visitor is a British General who has recently returned covered with glory from South Africa. It seems that



A young and said-to-be charming widow.

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he was born in Houndsdyke, and the Houndsdyke people are determined to do him honour.

Poor Ethel is in trouble. She has discovered that while she was at the garden *fête* her policeman spent a long, long time with a young and said-to-be charming widow lady, who is acting as temporary housekeeper at the warehouse opposite to this. Ethel has seen the faithless swain once since, and he says that the widow got him into her kitchen under false pretences. He says she begged him to go in because she thought she could smell fire, and, being anxious for promotion, he went hoping to discover something that might advertise him. But Ethel says that tale is all a "put up job," and that he may consider himself rejected in favour of Ernest, the Mayor's son.

He pressed me to his lips.

The men are coming to pack us up now, so I must finish this letter, and write again at the first opportunity.

Your daughter,
MIMOSELLE.

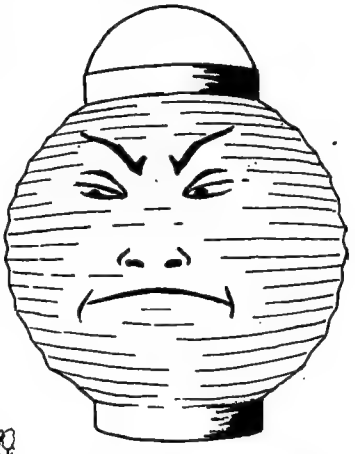
(One day and a night elapse.)

DEAREST MOTHER,—I write to you now with a full and happy heart. I am no longer sad, for at the party last night Ernest, who was one of the guests, took me down from the wire on which I was hanging, and pressed me to his lips. I have a small mark on my side — made by his curly moustache, which was mysteriously moist—and yet my good looks have not been spoiled at all.

After pressing me to his lips Ernest talked quite affectionately to me. He said: "Dear little lantern, you have seen more of my courtship than most folk. I know you well; your design is really the sweetest and simplest I ever saw in my life. Ethel has to-night definitely promised to be my wife, and I am ridiculously happy. She and I are going to take possession of you, and you are to have a favoured position on a specially-prepared bracket in our best parlour."

He said a great deal besides, but my modesty prevents me from repeating it all to you. I heard some of the guests say that Ernest is a real good sort, and that he is sure to make his way in the world. Ernest's father, the Mayor, was in excellent spirits after all the guests had gone home, and he told his prospective daughter-in-law that the distinguished visitor — the General — had promised to introduce to him some good West-end business.

In return for this new and really very profitable custom the Mayor has undertaken to do his best to secure the return to Parliament, at the next general election, of the General's only ne'er-do-well brother. Ethel tossed her head playfully when she heard this, and she said that she knew nothing of politics, but the Mayor answered that pretty faces were most useful when they could be secured for canvassing purposes. I can't help thinking that the Mayor had had a little too much champagne during the evening, for it cannot be discreet to tell the women-folk of the family so much that is confidential, as a gentleman who sat underneath me said.



Says these things are lovely.

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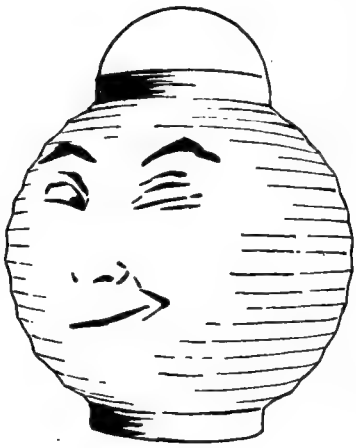
I will try and write again before the wedding.

Your daughter,
MIMOSELLE.

(Two months elapse.)

DEAREST MOTHER,—The wedding is to take place next Thursday if all is well. Let me tell you that all will not be quite well unless the General's brother is elected on Wednesday next. The sitting Member of Parliament died a fortnight after attending the mayoral function. It is thought he caught a chill while there, but a Mrs. Warbletongue, who knows Ethel's mother, says that he was killed by cruel slanders while in a very weak state consequent on partaking too freely of the Phonington champagne. Anyway, the bye-election polling takes place next Wednesday, and if the General's brother is returned as the Member for Houndsdyke, Ethel and Ernest are to be married very quietly the very next day.

And, what is still more, the General's brother is to be presented by his family with a country house and estate if he gets into Parliament, and Ernest is to be made his Steward!



There is so much excitement here in Ethel's bedroom that I can't write tidily at all. Ethel's mother won't give her a moment to herself; she keeps running into the room quite out of breath, and dragging after her petticoats, and shawls, and flounces, and bonnet-strings, which she says Ethel's grandmother was married in. Ethel says these things are "lovely" as her mother displays them to her, but when left alone, while her mother has gone away to look for more things, she throws them upon the floor and says they are "frowsy."

Talks to it, too, and says it's "a dear."

Ethel has a photograph of Ernest standing on her dressing table in a silver frame, and at night, when going to bed, just before putting out the light, she takes the photograph and puts it beneath her pillow. She talks to it, too, and says he's "a dear" and "a sweet." She now thinks short stout men are nicer than tall slender men; she says they are more good-natured and that it is because they are so good-natured that they put on flesh.

The policeman never finds our front door open now, no matter how quiet the streets may be, and Ethel has seen him dressed in private clothes walking out with the widow from the opposite warehouse. Ethel has changed her views about the Police Force since becoming engaged to Ernest; she now says its members are "so common."

Your daughter,
MIMOSELLE.

(Six days elapse.)

DEAREST MOTHER,—The General's brother has been successful. Ethel's future father-in-law has just been and told Ethel's mother and father all about it. He says the General is going to "make" him, and that he will one day have a business as big as Whiteley's—all because, he, the Mayor, "wangled" his colleagues in the Council chamber and secured a thumping majority for his candidate.

I am in the drawing-room now, along with ever so many more presents that are on one big table. There are spoons and forks, and knives in cases, and pictures, and lamps, and china ornaments, and jewellery, and ever so many articles of which I do not know the names.

Ethel has been out of doors all the week helping her future father-in-law to canvass. She's had a new dress for every day and two new hats for every day. The General's brother, who is now an M.P., is going to be at the wedding to-morrow if he can possibly get time to attend it. I don't know whether he gave Ethel all her new dresses and hats, but I do know that he and Ethel's future father-in-law and the General have had a great deal of private talk in this room while the canvassing has been in progress, and Ethel's future father-in-law always ends the conversation by saying "mum's the word."

Your daughter,
MIMOSELLE.

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PRETEND!

By Owen Oliver.

He was a tolerable figure of a man, and she was young and pretty. They were looking over the Thames from the Embankment, and he had not spoken for five minutes when she touched his arm.

"Well?" she asked with a smile. She had a very pleasant way of smiling.

"I wish things were different," he said gloomily.

"What things?"

"Everything!"

"Let's pretend," she proposed cheerfully. He dug the pavement with his stick.

"You can't alter things by pretending."

"You can pretend you alter them." He shrugged his shoulders.

"What shall we alter first?"

"Me?" she suggested, looking at him out of the corners of her eyes.

"I meant everything else," he explained.

"Then we'll change—you." She laughed and he frowned.

"I daresay I could bear a little alteration."

"A little alteration is a dangerous thing!"

"You mean I have so many faults?"

"Ye-es. But they go together so nicely!"

"Thank you!" She squeezed his arm.

"I don't want to alter you, only your—circumstances."

"A little alteration is no use for them," he commented bitterly.

"Then we'll alter them a lot. You shall be rich—ever so rich." His eyes flashed.

"If I were ——" She clasped her hands.

"It is done!" He looked down at her and thawed slowly.

"What shall I do for you?" he asked. "Now I am rich."

"Take me in your yacht." She pointed to a penny steamer making a dirty brown wake in the dirty black water.

"We'll have a hansom and drive to the pier," he proposed recklessly.

"No, no! That would be extrav— I mean it would be too real. There would be no credit in pretending, don't you see."

"A 'bus?" he inquired sarcastically. "We could play it was a stage-coach." She nodded brightly.

"We'll walk to Charing Cross, and——

"Ride to the Bank!"

"Ye-es." She turned to him merrily. "It is where you keep your money, of course."

"Of course; and I want to cash a cheque to buy you—a diamond necklace."

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"How lovely!"

"Very lovely." He was looking at her, and his eyes had softened. "I wish I could, Kitty."

"Thank you, dear." She took his arm gently.

"For pretending?" She shook her head.

"No. For wishing."

"You know I would, if I could."

"Of course, I know," She smiled at him happily; and he noticed that the embankment was not so very ugly and that the sun was beginning to shine.

"Would you like to go on a 'bus, really?"

"It isn't a 'bus. It's your coach."

"We will go on my coach," he agreed gravely.

So they walked along Whitehall to Charing Cross and mounted a stage-coach at the Post Office. It was a white one, labelled *Liverpool Street—Putney*, and nearly empty. They secured a front seat, behind a pair of horses of some nondescript shade of brown, and an ancient, weather-worn driver, in a time-served beaver hat.

"I love a pair of greys," she remarked.

"Then why did you choose these wretched——"

"Hush! They are Arabs!"

"Arabs don't draw 'busses—I mean coaches—and I don't believe they're ever grey."

"You can pretend what you like," she argued. "That is the best of it."

"Very well," he replied resignedly. "They are grey Arabs. What else?"

"This is a country road." She waved her hand at the unlovely Strand. "That is your ancestral castle." She nodded familiarly at Charing Cross Station. "This is the beech avenue." She pointed to Villiers Street. "These are your—what do you call them?—retainers." She beamed at the elbowing crowd. "And—oh, do give that poor woman a penny, Jack!" He threw one grudgingly. "We'll pretend it's half-a-crown."

"If it were she'd spend the night in the police station—I mean the ancestral dungeon. She's no good."

"Yes, she is. She's—another of your model retainers." He smiled grimly.

"Going to my model public house." Her eyes followed the ragged shawl, through the gorgeous cut-glass doors.

"We'll pretend it's the village church." She looked thoughtful. "Perhaps, if we knew—she's a *poor* old soul, Jack."

"You are the best little woman that ever was," he said with conviction.

"Pretend!"

"There's no need to pretend about you."

Then the conductor came up for the fares.

"We'll pretend he's the footman," he whispered. "Two. Bank."

The man snatched the money, punched the tickets and departed. He was morose, even for an omnibus conductor; and it had never occurred to him to pretend that he was anything else.

"His manners are not what they should be," he apologised. "But I don't like to get rid of him, because he has a wife and family."

The driver pursed his shrivelled lips. The conductor *had* a wife, strange to say, and a family of proportions large even for an omnibus conductor.

"He looks a pleasant person," she whispered, "your ancient coachman."

The driver smiled. He had quick ears; and he *was*, in point of fact, a pleasant man.

"Would he have come to this if he'd been any good?"

She sighed.

"People don't always do as well as they deserve, Jack, dear."

The driver flicked his horses sharply. He had not caught the question, but he heard the answer.

"I don't suppose I deserve ——"

"Yes, you do."

"*You* haven't done as well as you might." She leaned a little against him.

"We'll pretend I have."

"If you had looked out for somebody well off ——"

"We'll pretend I did."

"There was Easton. He seemed to ——"

"*I* didn't," she said quickly.

"But suppose you had. You could have been married this autumn."

"Let's make believe I'm going to be."

"To that fellow!" He glared.

"No, no! To you." His face relaxed.

"You could have had a house of your own"

"And his!"

"You would be looking round for furniture now."

"We'll imagine we are. We—we shall be some day, shan't we?"

"I've saved twenty pounds towards it in the last year. At that rate ——" She sighed.

"You have gone without a lot of things, poor boy! It is so good of you. I—I shall love every bit of it."

For a couple of minutes they were too

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busy looking at one another to pretend that anything was anything else. Then she suggested that the Griffin was a marble Venus, and he described the Law Courts as his shooting lodge. When they had passed Chancery Lane she pointed to the furniture shop on the right.

"I've saved four pounds," she told him confidentially. "It would have been more, if mother hadn't been ill. We'll say it's ten, and I am going to buy you that lovely desk for——" She low red her voice —"for a wedding-present."

"I am going to buy you a gold watch and chain." He pointed to a jeweller's shop. "And a brass tea-urn, like the one you showed me; and a dainty little tea set for your receptions. . . . Receptions! It's no use pretending, Kitty. It only makes things worse."

"I don't care about receptions." Being only a woman she could not say it quite cheerfully; but she brightened in a moment. "Look at those lovely vases, Jack. No, no! the ones with the mermaids or sirens, or whatever they are!" They had come to Ludgate Hill.

"They are yours!"

"And that *dear* little Shepherd. Oh, I wish——"

"It's no use wishing, or else——" She pressed his arm tightly.

"A very good afternoon, lady," he said affably.

"We'll be married in the village church." She nodded at St. Paul's. "And go to Venice for—for—you know." He patted her hand.

"I could imagine Margate was Venice, then," he assured her.

Whereupon they whispered some foolish things, lacking in literary interest. Also they agreed that Cheapside was the Riviera, a battered church, St. Peter's at Rome, and an old parson on the pavement, the Archbishop of Canterbury, who was going to marry them, of course.

When they came to the Bank he had made her the Duchess of Somewhere, and she was discussing his succession to an earldom—or the throne! She was not quite clear which! So they overlooked the limitations of penny fares, and went on down a long dulness of streets which were somewhere the other side of the world, it really did not matter where; and she became a princess and he was a prince.

"It has been a delightful drive," she whispered. "Dear prince, where have we come to now?"

He looked round with a smile, oblivious of the conductor's stern eye.

"I thought the Bank——"

"Bank!" growled the conductor hoarsely. "Passed it a hour ago. It's Liverpool Street jest 'ere. I'll trouble yer for another penny apiece."

The prince dug a hand slowly into his

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trousers pocket; but the driver glanced over his shoulder with a solemn face.

"Wot yer torkin' on, Willum?" he asked. "There's the Bank right enough." He pointed down a side street.

"At them 'ere three brass balls, p'raps?" inquired the conductor sarcastically.

"A very good bank, too," retorted the driver cheerfully, "if you pertend! I know lots of folks wot draws their money there."

The girl's eyes twinkled suddenly.

"Of course it's the Bank!" she said gaily. "Good afternoon."

The driver pulled off his battered hat.

"A very good afternoon, lady," he said affably. "Wait w'ile I pull up my grey Arabs. Whoa!"

They laughed without any pretence whatever, except the conductor, who stared blankly after the young couple till they reached the pavement. Then he found speech.

"Frens of yourn?" he demanded of the driver.

"Not ex'actly; but yer can pertend they was."

"Then who the—dickens—*are* they?"

"A pair of young fools!" said the driver grimly. "That's orl."

The conductor drew a long breath.

"If they're bigger fools 'n you, mate," he said feelingly, "they're pretty bad! Get orf, yer young wagabone." He rushed down the steps after a two-legged Arab on the footboard; and the driver whipped up the four-legged grey Arabs that were brown.

"There's wus things," he muttered reflectively, "than pertend."

FAERIE

Dainty little maid
With tripping feet,
Neither still nor staid,
Nor quite discreet;
Grave, or coy, or airy,
Every day you vary,
Yet none so dear as Faerie,
Love, my Sweet!
Love, my Sweet!

You've a coaxing way,
Yours alone,
Words you often say
In teasing tone,
Yet, in meek surrender,
I my homage render,
Nought to you but tender,
Love, my own!
Love, my own!

But—with sweet eyes, blue
As skies above,
Sometimes soft are you
As wooing dove;
Then, tho' coyly you bestow it,
Your pure young heart, you show it,
Is mine, my own, I know it.
Li.tle Love!
Litt e Love!

G. HUDI-NEWCOMBE.

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CAP AND BELLS

A Warning to Wives.

They were quite newly married, and she was much too young to understand that a man takes but little interest in shopping expeditions. She had left his side to look in a window in which were exhibited some winter mantles which were "perfectly lovely."

When she returned she took the arm, which seemed to be half grudgingly proffered, and sobbed: "You —you don't even lo-look at anything I want you to —to see; you do-don't care how I am dressed. You no longer lo-love me. You haven't even er— kissed me for a whole day, and you——"

"I am extremely sorry, madam, but that is my misfortune, not my fault," said the gentleman, looking pathetically down into her face. She looked at him and gasped. She had taken the arm of the wrong man!

* * * * *

THOSE "OFF" DAYS.

There are days when every single thing you try to do goes wrong;
You cannot even twist your necktie right;
You cannot get your hair to part exactly as it should;
Your breakfast will not coax up an appetite;
Every finger that you have seems to be made into a thumb;

Your brain cannot be brought around to think.
And everything you try to do goes just the other way—
And then you stick your pastebrush in the ink!

There are days that come to all of us when matters take a twist;
The very morning paper makes us mad;
We do not like the way the sun comes slinking from the east;
We vow our luck's the worst we ever had;
The man we want to pleasantly impress does not appear—
Instead there comes some one from whom we shrink;
And, taken altogether, life is such a hollow thing—
'Tis then you stick your pastebrush in the ink!

* * * * *

It is a noticeable fact that the melancholy individual, who maintains that life is not worth living, always wears a chest protector and goloshes.

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"Did you ever think what you would do if you had Vanderbilt's income?"

"Well, no; but we have often wondered what Vanderbilt would do if he had our income."

* *

"Here, waiter, what d'you mean by bringing me stuff like this, I should like to know? Just fetch the proprietor; I want to show it to him."

"Very sorry, sir; yer can't see 'im jus' now—'e's out for lunch."

* * *

DOCTOR: "Did you follow my advice and count until you fell asleep?"

PATIENT: "I counted up to eighteen thousand."

DOCTOR: "And then you fell asleep?"

PATIENT: "No; then it was time to get up."

THE FALLEN SCARECROW.

"Hooray!" cried Toby Black-and-tab,
A jolly little cat.
"The wind has blown the scarecrow down,
And I am glad of that.

"This ugly, turnip-headed thing
I've often longed to scratch,
It frightened all the birds away,
And let me none to *catch!*"

"Bessie," said the brother to the sister, "I have taken a fancy to a girl with whom I am but slightly acquainted, and I would like to know what her faults are. How can I find out?"

"Praise her to her girl friends," replied Bessie.

"Where are you going?" asked Jones of Bob Slyck, as they met near the station on Thursday.

"I'm going off for a day or so," replied Bob, who was carrying a bag.

"What's up?"

"Nothing, except to-morrow is my birthday, and the young lady to whom I am engaged is going to call at the house to congratulate me, and make me some little present. I don't care to be there when she calls."

"I don't understand you, Slyck. If I was engaged to a young lady, and she was going to call and see me, on my birthday, I should be the happiest man in town."

"Yes, but two others are going to call also; all three of them propose to call on me, if I am there, don't you understand?" and he hurried into the station, to catch the three o'clock train.

Jones: "Are you troubled with your neighbour's fowls in the garden?"

Smith: "No. They are kept shut up now. Every night I hid some eggs among the shrubs, and every morning when my neighbour was looking I went out and brought them in."

MAMMA: "What is the matter, Willie? Didn't you have a good time at the party?"

WILLIE: "No."

MAMMA: "Didn't you get enough to eat?"

WILLIE: "Yes; but I didn't get too much."

* * * *

ANGELA (to whom Edgar has been proposing): "Tell me, Edgar. Did you ever say anything like this to any woman before?"

EDGAR (in a burst of honesty): "My dear girl, do you think that it could be done like that the first time."

"Why is it, Paul, that you never stay at home in the evenings?"

"Force of habit, my dear. Habit I contracted when I was courting you."

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"Your dog looks rather miserable. What has he got that pink ribbon round his leg for?"

"'Cos I've had him vaccinated."

H. COWHAM

MRS. MCLUBBERTY: "Here's some pills, Murty, thot Mrs. Hogan was afther sindin' over for yez. She say's dhey'll aither kill or cure yez."

MCLUBBERTY (who is ill): "Begorra, did she say which dhey would do foorst?"

* * * * *

A MOTOR RIDE.

Little Miss Motorley went
For a ride on a fine summer day;
Little Miss Motorley's car
With Miss Motorley soon ran away.

Little Miss Motorley rushed
Through the hedge, and I beg you to note
That a spill in the ditch was the end
Of little Miss Motorley's "mote"!

* * * * *

FATHER: "That cat made an awful noise in the back garden last night."

ARNOLD: "Yes, sir. I suppose that since he ate the canary he thinks he can sing."

PA: "Have you seen with the microscope all the little animals that are in the water?"

TOMMY: "Yes, papa, I saw them. Are they in the water we drink?"

"Certainly, my child."

"Now I know what makes the singing in the kettle when the water begins to boil."

* * * * *

AFTERMATH.

HOSPITAL SURGEON: "Where to now?"

AMBULANCE DRIVER: "I am going back after the people I ran over while coming in with the last patient."

* * *

A man never realises how much waiting can be done in an hour until he waits outside for his wife, who has stepped into a shop "just for a minute."

Willie: "Papa, what is the rest of the quotation—'Man proposes and——?'"
Mr. Henpeck (sadly): "Woman seldom refuses."

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MRS. WATTS: "Mary Ann, these banisters seems always dirty. I was at Mrs. Johnson's to-day, and her stair-rails are as clean and smooth as glass."

MARY ANN: "Yis, mum, she has three small boys!"

* * * *

TUBBS (recounting his experience at a musical party a few evenings previous): "They did not even ask me to sing."

Miss Whiteley (placidly): "You've sung there before, haven't you?"

"Yes, once. Why?"

"Oh, nothing!"

* * * *

I'M ONLY A BOY.

I am only a boy, with a heart light and free,
I am brimming with mischief, and frolic and glee;
I dance with delight, and I whistle and sing,
And you think such a boy never cares for a thing.

Now oft when I've worked hard at piling the wood,
Have done all my errands and tried to be good,
I think I might then have a rest or a play;
But how shall I manage? Can anyone say?

If I run, someone says: "Now, don't get in a heat!"
If I go to the house, it is "Mercy, what feet!"
If I take a seat, 'tis: "Here, give me that chair!"
If I lounge by the window, 'tis: "Don't loiter there!"

If I ask a few questions, 'tis: "Don't bother me!"
Or else: "Such a torment I never did see!"
I am scolded or cuffed if I make the least noise,
Till I think in this wide world there's no place for boys.

At school they are shocked if I want a good play;
At home or at church I am so in the way;
And it's hard, for I don't see that boys are to blame,
And most boys, too, will just say the same.

Of course, a boy can't know as much as a man,
But we try to do right just as hard as we can;
Have some patience, grown people, though oft we annoy,
For the best man on earth once was "Only a Boy."

A doctor's wife, who was bored with visitors, remarked to her husband at a table where a number of self-invited guests were seated: "My dear, I was afraid the children would get hold of that leg you brought home from the dissecting room last night, so I brought it downstairs with me. That's it wrapped up in a towel on the side-board." She dines alone now.

SCENE.—A Wedding Breakfast: Mr. Muddlehead (who has been asked to propose the health of the bridesmaids) thinks he sees an opportunity to distinguish himself in his character of would-be wit; "In conclusion, ladies and gentlemen, allow me to express the fervent hope that the charming sisters of the blushing bride, the Misses Green, may be evergreen." (Great laughter and applause, and Mr. M. sits down a happier though not a wiser man.)

* * * *

MEDICAL ADVICE. — "You have a severe case of indigestion," said the physician to his new patient, "You should be very careful to eat only warm food, as it promotes the flow of gastric juice. Avoid iced drinks, and that sort of thing. I'm afraid you aren't sufficiently careful about taking hot meals. In the hurry of business, people frequently devour cold lunches in the middle of the day. That's where they make a mistake.

"Try to avoid that indigestion," he went on, "even if you have to neglect your office duties a little. May I inquire, sir, what your employment is?"

"I'm a fire-eater at the Universal Music Hall," was the reply.

* * * * *

A little girl, after noticing for some time the glittering gold stopping in her aunt's front teeth, exclaimed:

"Aunt Mary, I wish I had copper-toed teeth like yours."

* * *

The bachelor's refrain—a lass.

The maiden's refrain — ah, men.

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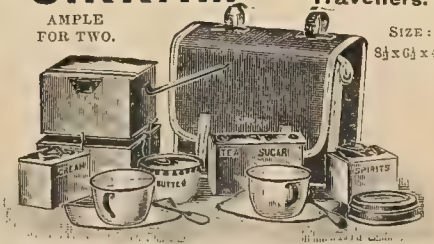

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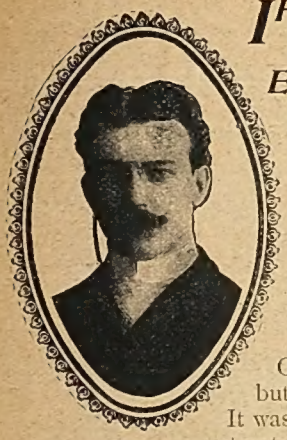

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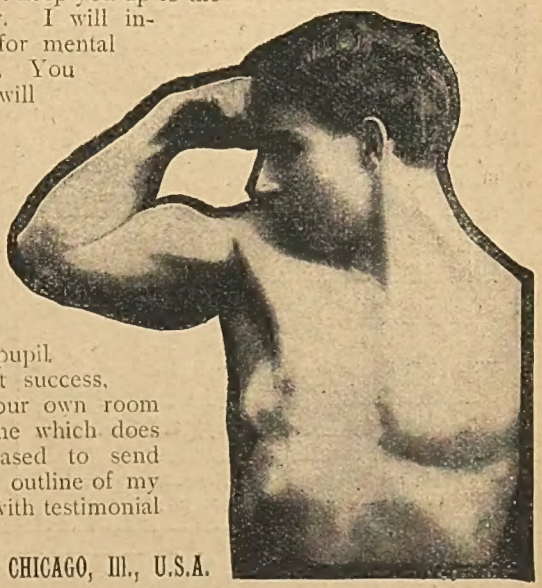

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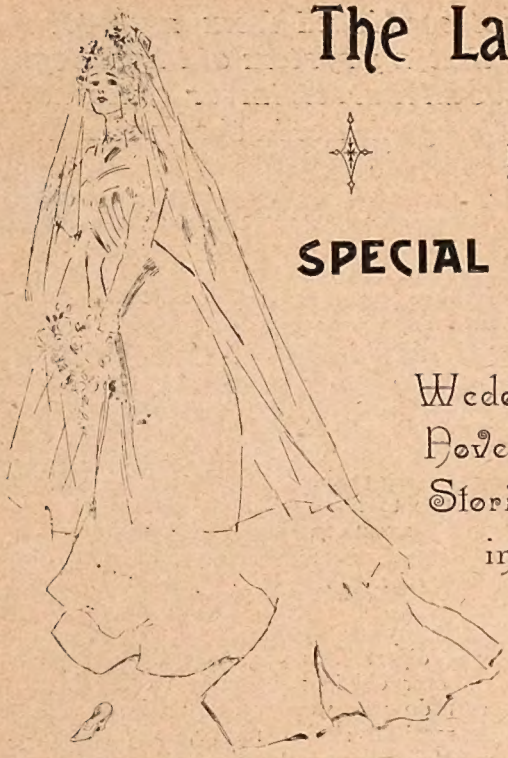

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